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A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1860.

REVIEWS.

EGYPTIAN HISTORY.*

THE completion of Baron Bunsen's great work on Egypt offers a fit occasion of congratulation to the now veteran author for the success that has crowned his endeavour to eliminate out of the researches of the best Egyptologists, his own included, something like a scientific theory concerning the Egyptian monuments and their bearing upon the history of our race. To achieve such a work, required above all things a mind capable of generalisation, reverential, but at the same time not slavish or superstitious; such, in fact, as the world now knows that Bunsen possesses—a man who has been sneered at in his own country as a pietist, for clinging, as he has always done, to the form and spirit of Christianity, while here he has been condemned in narrow circles for the noble freedom with which he has carried on his historical investigations. All honour to such a worker, and should these words of ours ever reach him in his place of retirement, let them inform him that while we estimate the worth of his various writings, we at the same time deeply sympathise with him in the present impaired state of his health, and cordially trust that he may soon be restored to his wonted mental and physical vigour.

The fourth and concluding volume of "Egypt's Place in Universal History" embraces the fifth book of the work, and treats of "the origin and ages of the world"—to our mind the most interesting of the various topics that the author has handled. Egyptian history *per se* must be always an object of unbounded attraction, even to such as are conversant only with the Bible and Herodotus. For who does not love to learn all that he can about that wondrous people dwelling upon the banks of old Nile—their religion, laws, learning, manners, and customs—who in the time of Abraham himself could boast of fixed institutions, the *origines* of which stretched back into the night of time? It is a subject that we have all been familiar with almost from our cradles, at home and at church, at school and college, in visits to museums, in archaeological researches, in desultory as well as systematic reading, perpetually recurring and never tiring! But of how much more value does it become when viewed in connection with the inquiry touching the origin of the human race? Those mysterious characters graven upon granite monuments more than five thousand years ago, those sixty centuries and more looking down upon us from the pyramids, speak not alone of the Pharaohs who commanded them to be engraved or erected, but to the understanding mind convey suggestions of far wider import. Were these monuments merely capable of assisting us to arrive at the true epochs of the Exodus of the Israelites, of the sway of Joseph the imperial minister of the Pharaoh Sesostris, or of Abraham the father of the Jewish race, infinite would be the gain derived to our stock of chronological knowledge. M. Bunsen, for instance, has satisfactorily shown that the date of the Abrahamic epoch is about B.C. 2870. But there was a king in Egypt 750 years before this date, Menes, the first monarch of the entire country,

who began to reign about the year B.C. 3620. The researches of Egyptologists prove that under this monarch there was an established religion and language, with a regular hieroglyphical and phonetic system of written characters, such as all experience of the slow progress of human invention proves must have taken numerous previous centuries to have brought to perfection. Menes, indeed, is himself shown to have erected his empire upon the ruins of two previously existing sovereignties, those of Upper and Lower Egypt. There were Thinite princes in Upper Egypt, and Memphite princes in the Lower Country, and when Menes succeeded in obtaining the supreme command, the empire established by him was denominated the *Double Empire*, answering to the word *Mizraim*, or the two *Misr* in the Hebrew Scriptures. And now the important question arises, "How long did the previous divided sovereignties exist?" This is perhaps the most difficult problem to solve in the entire range of human chronology. But our author does not shrink from it. The investigation is one that soars far above our usual notions of chronology, and becomes, in fact, philosophic. Admitted that we find, almost four thousand years before our era, a mighty empire with established religion, language, and laws, it must have taken thousands of years to have had all these brought to perfection. Such a state of things requires to be viewed as the real middle age of human development. Now, the language of Egypt M. Bunsen regards as "a deposit of Asiatic life." Philology has discovered the existence of two great cognate organic languages, the Semitic and the Iranian. These he regards as postdiluvian; and the antecedent languages to them, Khamitic and Turanian he regards as antediluvian. The postdiluvian he believes may date back as far as the year 10,000 B.C., thus giving to the commencement of Egyptian civilisation a middle period after the creation of man himself, which he believes took place about the year 20,000 B.C. From this it is seen that M. Bunsen rejects altogether the usually current system of chronology, which he deems as fitting only to mediæval credulity. The ordinary ideas respecting the age of man on the earth he regards as equally childish with those current some fifty years ago as to the age of mother earth herself. Man, however, must have had a beginning, and if it be true that four thousand years before our era there was a mighty empire, with all the elements of advanced civilisation, existing in the retired valley of the Nile, we agree with him that it must have required long previous centuries to produce such a result. The arguments upon which he dwells to prove this position are based for the most part upon philological and mythological grounds, and to some extent also upon astronomy. To follow the learned author in this investigation requires considerable patience, and a habit of mind accustomed to close reasoning. We cannot, therefore, recommend the volume before us for perusal to any but what are called "hard readers;" such alone will be able to understand the nature of the argument in its several connecting links, and it is of course only to such that the author addresses himself. Still, we think that had the writer been an Englishman or Frenchman, instead of a German, much that is here set down would have been explained after an easier and simpler method, much to the contentment even of our friends the "hard readers."

Having thus delivered our own soul of the grudge that we own to in being obliged to peruse such a laborious work, at the same

time that we appreciate most highly the nature of its contents, and the manly, conscientious endeavour by which it was produced, we shall allow the author to state in his own words the subject-matter of certain eight theses, in which are embodied his own conclusions. These are:—

"I. That there is an historical connection between Greek mythology, the primeval records of the Bible, and the oldest religion of Egypt and Asia.

"II. That the religion of Egypt is merely the mummy of the original religion of Central Asia. The mythology of the Egyptians is the deposit of the oldest mythological belief of mankind, which took a new colouring westward in Upper Mesopotamia, and was petrified in the valley of the Nile by the influence of an African sky, and by the overpowering force of solar symbolism.

"III. Primeval Asia, on the whole, is the starting-point of an intellectual movement, by the action of which we are ourselves consciously and unconsciously affected.

"IV. As regards the Greeks in particular, this investigation will corroborate the fact, that the Hellenes were, on the one hand, no more the inventors of their mythology, than Shakespeare was of the materials of his tragedies and dramatised Epos: on the other, that they did not leave anything in the state they found it, but that they remodelled the whole with the creative power of the spirit. The starting-point of their marvellous fictions in all the oldest myths are those ideas about gods and nature, and the expression of them current in Arian Asia, subsequently overlaid by Semitic and especially by Phœnician influences, which were circulated through the Pelasgi and Ionians. But they no more took their gods and the histories of their gods from Bactria, than did the Egyptians from Chaldea; still less did either of them adopt the notions of the emigrating Bactrians settled in the Indus country, to say nothing of the Brahminical Indians of the country on the Ganges. But whatever hints the Hellenes adopted, they remodelled rather than simply developed them. This process of transformation was the work of a seemingly sportive godlike child, in whose breast the secret of the soul and the charm of beauty was slumbering.

"V. Neither Greeks nor Christians borrowed any portion of their science or philosophy from Asia or even from Egypt.

"VI. Moses adopted no part of the Egyptian customs or symbols: what was common to them both came from primitive Asia. The religion of the Bible contains no mythology. It is a grand, momentous, and happy reserve of Judaism, which shows itself in its horror of mythology. Any personification of the divine ideas is as foreign to the whole tenor of it as is the canonisation of human beings. The historical root of the religion of Abraham and of Moses lies in the Aramaic and Kanaeanish, but this element is a merely outward one.

"VII. The popular sentiment reflected in Abraham, in Moses, and in the primitive religion from the creation to the flood, and the expression of it, is rooted in the mythological life of the East in the earliest times.

"VIII. The personal history of the patriarchs commences with Abraham. But many ancient traditions out of the mythical circle of the same tribes from whose degeneracy the Hebrews were withdrawn for higher purposes; and for their own benefit and that of mankind, were interwoven with the lives and actions of this the greatest and most influential man of the olden times, and with the history of his son and grandson, Isaac and Jacob. The idolatrous customs and images of the people, from the Exodus to the Babylonian captivity, are connected with these natural elements of the tribe and country, not with Egypt."

These eight theses are followed by what the author calls a "further development," in which he combats the opinion of Hengstenberg and others, as to the Jews having derived their religious institutions and symbols from an Egyptian source. He insists also further upon the linguistic affinity between the Egyptians and the primitive Asiatic nations,

* *Egypt's Place in Universal History: an Historical Investigation in Five Books.* By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. Vol. IV. (London: Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts.)

and maintains "that the Egyptian system of mythology is based upon primitive Asiatic notions and thoughts symbolically expressed; that nothing Asiatic is Egyptian, any more than the river flows out of the ocean; and that Egypt did not exercise the slightest influence upon Pelægo-Hellenic mythology." On the other hand he entirely repudiates "all historical connection between the Hellenic-Italic mythology and the Indians, or even their patriarchs the Iranians of Bactria," affirming that "the Siren of Indomania has in the last forty years beguiled the world more even than the Siren of Hebræomania."

To the philologist the analysis here given of the Egyptian language—in which the author repeatedly acknowledges his obligations to our own distinguished countryman, Mr. Birch—will prove of considerable value. It is elaborated with the hand of a master; and its importance is still farther enhanced by the connection which it is shown to have had, from a comparison of its roots, with the language of the primitive inhabitants of Asia. The number of old Egyptian words at present known amounts, says Birch, to as many as 1,500, or rather more. Of these there will be some 600 actual stems and roots, to which may be added about 100 more Coptic stems of genuine Egyptian origin, but whose earliest forms are as yet unknown. "The other words," says our author, "are produced out of them by development, extension, or composition, or they are proper names in the widest sense—that is, names of plants, animals, articles of dress, and the like, the ideal or qualitative designation of which we cannot recognise." We are glad to perceive, also, that in connection with Egyptian philology, M. Bunsen has noticed with high praise the labours of another of our countrymen, Mr. Goodwin, whose admirable article on hieratic papyri in the last volume of "Cambridge Essays"—clear and succinct, but at the same time comprehensive—is the best exposition we have ever read of the hieroglyphical language of Egypt. His accession to the small band of Egyptologists must be regarded as a great gain; since, with every respect for the other members of that body, we do not think they have done as much as they might to make the poor outsiders acquainted with their *modus operandi*.

Of the mythology of the Egyptians, viewed in connection with the religious creeds of primitive Asia, upon which subject M. Bunsen is very copious, drawing from a deep well of erudition, we have not room to speak. Let us only observe, that while apparently exhaustive of the subject, it suggests to the student of history in its widest sense, tracts of investigation that for the present may be regarded as almost unoccupied.

Next, we have to thank our author for his elaborate and careful treatment of the section in which he discourses of "the historical relation between the Egyptian notions as to the beginnings and those of the Hebrews." In this he treats of the traditions in Genesis, concerning the origin of man, and the facts presented to us by the language and mythology of Egypt and primitive Asia. The result of his researches is "that Moses developed his intellectual researches out of Semitic nature and history, and did not, as has been believed, borrow the ideas or symbols of Kham." At the same time he holds with the theory now so prevalent in Germany, and partly accepted in this country, that the Mosaic account of the cosmogony is a compilation from two ancient and quite independent documents, known by the designations of "Elohistic" and "Jehovistic." Tuch and Ewald appear to have been

the first propounders of this theory; and these have been followed by Knobel, Hupfeld and Delitzsch, each of whom, with some slight differences, acquiesces in the doctrine.

We might go on to draw largely from our author on other subjects, especially that of Egyptian chronology, in which his arrangement of the Egyptian dynasties, with a nominal list of their kings, forms a most interesting topic. The literature of Egypt, its art and science, no less than its religious traditions and observances, are also handled in the present volume. But what reviewer, in a scant notice like ours, would be able to do justice to such important subjects? Suffice it that we have pointed out the main objects of interest in the concluding volume of this great work; and so, with a hearty admiration of its author, we commend it to that class of readers by whom no Alp of historical research is considered as too high, provided only that the prospect around and beyond repays the labour of the ascent. In the present case we have no hesitation in saying that they will not be disappointed.

HOPE AND FEARS.*

IN the preface to what, in our opinion, is decidedly the best book that Miss Yonge has yet written—we mean "The Daisy Chain"—she makes a kind of apology for the epicene or doubtful nature of the story, acknowledging that it is not very clear at first sight whether it is designed merely as a children's book or whether it aspires to the more dignified position of a work of fiction. This acknowledgment and this apology might, we think, have been reserved with greater justice for the present work. That part of "Hopes and Fears" which is devoted to the chronicles of children's doings, is, if not larger in actual amount, certainly elaborated with a greater attention to childish detail, than the corresponding portion of the earlier and more interesting story. This uncertainty of design is, however, common in a greater or less degree to all Miss Yonge's books; and, inasmuch as it greatly extends the circle of her possible readers, is, we think, no inconsiderable element in the popularity which she undoubtedly and deservedly enjoys. It is not every novel which can be safely pronounced to be equally attractive and suitable to young ladies of all ages—to the inhabitants of the nursery as well as to those of the drawing-room—or which can be placed, with a perfect freedom from hesitation on moral grounds, in the hands alike of the most childish and of the most precocious reader. We do not know whether Miss Yonge will thank us for the comparison, but it has always seemed to us that there is a sufficiently noticeable parallelism between her literary position and that occupied by the late Mrs. Sherwood—a name better known some twenty years ago, than, perhaps, it is at present. The works of both ladies are distinguished by the possession of a more or less distinctly moral object, and are designed to combine indirect religious instruction for the young, with a certain amount of amusement for those that are of riper years. The religious element is, to the best of our recollection, more strongly developed in the elder of the two ladies; but whatever difference there may be between them in this respect, may, we think, be fairly attributed to the differences of their respective opinions on theological subjects. Mrs. Sherwood's tendencies were decidedly towards those views which are commonly known as Low Church, the holders of which

generally attach no great value to, and therefore can scarcely be expected to excel in, the graces of composition, the artistic delineation of a character, or the scientific development of a plot. Miss Yonge, on the other hand, is a warm partisan of High Church views, and she naturally extends her sympathy for decorative ornament to literary as well as to ecclesiastical matters, and is more careful than her sterner predecessor that her stories shall be constructed with at least some regard to artistic effect. Hence it follows as a matter of course that the stories of the latter lady are incomparably the better-written and the more amusing of the two; but there is quite sufficient similarity of aim between the works of both authors, to justify us in regarding Miss Yonge as occupying essentially the same place in relation to the High Church party of the present day, as was held by Mrs. Sherwood in relation to the Evangelical party about a quarter of a century ago.

All Miss Yonge's works are, as we have already observed, distinguished by the possession of a moral, more or less distinctly enforced. "Hopes and Fears" is, we think, intended to inculcate a twofold lesson. It is designed, in the first place, to furnish a practical commentary on the first commandment of the Decalogue. The individual in whose life the danger of setting the affections too strongly on any human object, is thus practically illustrated is Miss Honor Charlecote, the spinster, scenes from whose life Miss Yonge has undertaken to relate. This lady, who is the only child of a city clergyman, forms in her early youth a strong attachment to a young divine, who goes out as a missionary to Canada, and, while there, inadvertently marries some one else. Soon after returning to England, he and his wife both die, leaving two orphan children, Lucilla and Owen Sandbrook, of whom Miss Charlecote, with the willing consent of their relations, takes full charge. This she is enabled to do in a perfectly satisfactory manner by the fact of her inheriting a considerable property from a cousin, who has been attached to her all his life, but who unfortunately dies suddenly, just as she is becoming alive to the value of his affection. But though thus admirably adapted by worldly circumstances for undertaking the education of the two orphans, Miss Charlecote's character is such as to interfere with the perfect success of the experiment. She is one of those kind, good, dreamy, enthusiastic ladies, who regard church music and embroidered altar-cloths as among the most important earthly institutions, and look upon a fanciful analogy as a more useful engine of instruction than the simple statement of a plain moral duty. There is a great deal of truth in Lucilla Sandbrook's complaint that "with her there is always a sense of *fluffiness*, there being so much figurativeness and dreamy sentiment, that one never gets to the firm, clear surface;" and the same young lady is not far wrong in comparing her to "mutton with the wool on." Miss Yonge herself, though evidently feeling a deep sympathy with her character, is far from being blind to its defects. The result of the influence of such a temperament upon her young charges is, as might be expected, far from satisfactory. Lucilla, who is a self-willed little person, rebels against her from the first, and seeks to shock her feelings by every means in her power, from reading "Vanity Fair" to other more unequivocal methods of annoyance, and finally goes to live with her mother's relations, and comes out as a fast young lady. Owen is a far more manageable subject, and even when quite a baby wins Honor's heart completely by showing himself to be scarcely

* *Hopes and Fears; or Scenes from the Life of a Spinster.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heart's Ease," &c. Two Vols. (London: J. W. Parker and Son.)

less dreamy and ecclesiastical than herself. Thus, when on one occasion he has grieved Honor by looking forward to hunting in a red coat when he is grown up, he consoles her by saying through his tears, "Sweet Honey, I'll tell nurse and Mr. Jones that I'm on pilgrimage to the Eastern land, and I'll not turn into by-ways after red coats and little kids to vex you." This "dreamy strain," as Miss Yonge is kind enough to call it, is intensely delightful to Honor, as reminding her of his father—a circumstance which, combined with many others, does not tend to give us a high opinion of the faithless missionary. Even when quite a big boy, Owen exhibits a singular reverence for saints' days, and good churchmanship generally, and, we must say, seems to justify to a considerable extent the opinion of his uncle, that "he will do no good till the priggishness is knocked out of him." But when he goes to Oxford there is a sad change. He becomes infected with rationalistic opinions, develops decidedly fast tastes, gets deeply into debt, runs away with and secretly marries a pretty village schoolmistress, and, worst of all, raises money on the contingency of Honor's death. This is indeed a melancholy result of all Miss Charleote's care and affection. Ultimately, however, he works round into a highly satisfactory state; and even Lucilla finally attains to a degree of goodness which, though inferior to Owen's, is higher than any one had any right to expect in her case. This *dénouement* is necessary in order to point what we think we are justified in regarding as the secondary moral of the story, viz., that whatever harm may have ensued from Miss Charleote's errors in detail, her general principle of education is the right one. In order to enforce this lesson, and to afford a striking contrast to Honor's system, we are introduced to the family of Mr. Fulmort, a wealthy distiller, the younger members of which are brought up by a pattern governess, of undecided religious opinions, to whose influence the subsequent vagaries of one of the family are, perhaps not quite fairly, considered to be wholly due.

In this story Miss Yonge breaks ground in a direction which, to the best of our recollection, is quite new to her, and attempts to delineate the character of a fast young lady. The attempt is, we fear, hardly successful enough to inspire any wish for seeing it repeated. Miss Yonge's experience of fast life must, we think, be too limited to give her any reasonable chance of describing it accurately: *Aussi, que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère*. We have no objection to Lucilla Sandbrook developing a decided taste for angling, even to the extent of poaching in the most charmingly impudent manner on her neighbours' preserves; but it is rather startling to find her going to a ball in a dress trimmed with salmon-flies, hooks and all, and subsequently starting for Ireland on a fishing excursion with no companion but a female cousin, a little older and a little faster than herself. Nor is Miss Yonge more successful in the few glimpses which she gives us of Owen's habits when in his most unsatisfactory state. Thus, for instance, on one occasion, when he and his sister have promised to spend Sunday with Miss Charleote in her house in the city, Honor, on returning from morning service, finds him sitting on the window-sill of the drawing-room smoking his pipe; and, what is stranger still, appears to take the proceeding quite as a matter of course. No doubt fast young men of the present day are in the habit of smoking pipes; but, if they are such perfect gentlemen as Owen is represented to be throughout, they usually display more

judgment in the selection of a time and place for this operation.

The Fulmort family are far too important an element in the story to be passed over without notice. Foremost among them is Robert, the second son, who is a few years older than Owen, to whom he presents a striking contrast in every respect. In his childhood he shocks Owen terribly by using bad language in his presence, and, worse still, by saying that he does not care for saints' days at school, because he has no one to ask him out for a holiday on those occasions. But Robert's wild oats, such as they are, are sown very early indeed. About the time when Owen is beginning to deteriorate, he has grown up into the steadiest possible young man. He declines to go into his father's business, on the somewhat startling ground that distilling is "the ministry of hell;" and disgusts his family by becoming a curate in the very parish where his father's establishment is situated, with the avowed object of counteracting the evil which is caused by the paternal gin-shops. He devotes his whole fortune to the building and maintenance of a kind of mediæval orphan asylum, and applies his energies to the conducting of the church services in the highest and most correct style. In doing this he is exposed to "persecution from a vestry notoriously under the influence of the Fulmort firm, whose interest it was to promote the vice he came to withstand;" and "to absolute personal danger from mobs stimulated in the gin-shops, their violence against his attacks on their vicious practices being veiled by a furious party outcry against his religious opinions." Are we wrong in seeing in these words an allusion to the riots in St. George's-in-the-East, which, her wish being father to her thought, Miss Yonge attempts to account for in this fashion? Next to Robert in importance are his younger sisters, the pupils of Miss Fennimore, the pattern governess, whose system of education is contrasted unfavourably with that of Miss Charleote. Phoebe, the eldest of these, is endowed by nature with so sweet a disposition that she is enabled to refuse the evil and choose the good of Miss Fennimore's system, and is, in fact, the most blameless character in the whole story. Nay, she ought, perhaps, to be regarded as the heroine of the book; for she is the only person at whose marriage the reader is allowed personally to assist, and with her marriage the story closes. It is Bertha, the youngest sister, who furnishes a dreadful warning of the results of Miss Fennimore's training. She is a pert, sharp, forward child, who announces to her mother that she means to take up the fast line when she comes out; and, at the age of fifteen, anticipates her own intentions by running off to London to meet a rascally friend of her eldest brother's, who, having discovered that her expectations are not so great as he had hoped, is rather taken aback by her impetuosity, and is very glad to resign her into the hands of her brother Robert for restoration to her family. Even this unpromising subject, however, ultimately turns out better than could possibly have been expected. The fact is, that every one in the book who is not good at starting, ultimately becomes good, each according to the measure of his or her natural capacity for goodness. This uniformity of improvement is rather distressing to us; for we must confess that our interest in each character has a tendency towards diminution, in exact proportion to the disappearance of its individualities, and to its approach to the orthodox standard. We used to have just the same feelings when reading Mrs. Sherwood in our

childish days, the best people in her books being precisely those that we cared least about. In the present story there is, perhaps, no instance in which we regret the change more than in that of Miss Fennimore. We like her very much in her original character of a pattern governess; and there is really something rather humorous in the gentle rebuke which she administers to Phoebe, for having neglected, on one occasion, when she walked home by night from Miss Charleote's, to observe the condensation of the vapours on her way home—"It is a pity that you should not cultivate the habit of observation. Women can seldom theorise, but they should always observe facts, as these are the very groundwork of discovery, and such a rare opportunity as a walk at night should not be neglected." When, however, she awakes to the sense of her theological deficiencies, and atones for her former shortcomings by taking the place of schoolmistress in Robert Fulmort's parish, she loses all her individuality of character, and our sympathy with her is of necessity proportionately diminished.

There is one thing which has struck us very forcibly in reading "Hopes and Fears," which we trust Miss Yonge will pardon us for alluding to as briefly as possible. It appears to us that in this work she displays a more decided tolerance, than in any of her former books, for those who are not of the same shade of theological opinion with herself. When Honor expresses her disgust at the cant of a certain dissenter, who figures slightly in the story, Robert, who is evidently regarded as the supreme authority in such matters, objects to her use of the term, and points out that the Dissenter's piety is real and sincere, though expressed in language which is apt to jar upon a more refined and cultivated taste. We are heartily glad to find Miss Yonge recognising this essential distinction. She may rely upon it, that her advocacy of her own views will not be rendered less efficient by her tolerance for those of others.

In the foregoing remarks, we have been careful to abstain from diminishing the reader's interest in Miss Yonge's work by making any unnecessary disclosures with regard to its plot. It would indeed be a matter of no small difficulty to review "Hopes and Fears" in the common manner of giving a recapitulation of the story in a condensed form; for the plot is made up of such a vast number of minor incidents, that their mere enumeration in the fewest possible words would be a work of considerable time and labour. Miss Yonge has, in fact, been remarkably successful in sustaining to the end the interest of the story, and we do not often meet with a novel in which it is less easy to predict beforehand what will become of each of the principal characters. This is, to our mind, no small merit in a literary point of view. We certainly do not think that "Hopes and Fears" is Miss Yonge's best book, but it is unquestionably a pleasant and readable story, and we have no doubt that it will come in for a fair share of that popularity which has been so largely enjoyed by its numerous predecessors.

CAVOUR AND GARIBALDI.*

It would be alien to the occupations and tastes of this journal to allow ourselves to become mixed up in the discussion of questions purely military or political. But inasmuch as the weapons of modern warfare are twofold—the sword and the pen—and the latter can be exercised subject only to certain laws and

* *Cavour e Garibaldi*. Dell'Avvocato Pier Carlo Boggio, Deputato al Parlamento Nazionale. (Torino. 1860.)

modes of composition, we think ourselves justified in selecting from time to time, out of the cloud of pamphlets and other ephemeral publications which accompany and help to constitute the shifting phenomena of the Italian war of independence, such specimens as, in respect of literary merit and execution, may seem to deserve some special notice. In so doing we shall be performing a duty, pleasant not only to ourselves, but we trust also to our readers. We feel a deep sympathy with, and admiration of, the manner in which the moral weapons of reason and argument are wielded by a people so unjustly accused of incapacity for freedom; and made by them to second and consolidate the victories won by physical strength and valour. We wish, therefore, to direct a passing glance, and call attention to some of the leading pamphlets of which, though the fame is transient, and lives but for a day, yet in that day have done good service, and have in some degree aided their country's cause.

"Cavour or Garibaldi," such is the title of a pamphlet recently published at Turin, by Signor Boggio, a deputy in the National Parliament. It appeared at that sad season when rumours of diverging counsels and antagonistic opinions amongst the guiding minds of Italy were spreading consternation among its friends, and exciting mad hopes of revenge among its enemies. It is a cry of triumph for the past, tempered with warning for the present, and exalted with confident hope of the future. Signor Boggio could not but believe—and the event has apparently justified his belief—that the patriotism and good sense of Garibaldi would compel him to overcome any personal feeling of hostility which, for whatever cause, he might entertain against Cavour, whom in an ardent strain of enthusiastic admiration Signor Boggio exultingly justifies; and he concludes that not for Italy is a choice propounded between Cavour or Garibaldi, but that Cavour and Garibaldi, with Victor Emmanuel—Il Re Galantuomo—is the triple cry in the strength of which the Italians have gone forth to victory. Men are too much enslaved by the impressions of the present moment—are too apt to allow a passing cause of discontent to sully what should be a fixed feeling of gratitude: we are too prone, when we contemplate the life and history of those who have done mighty things for us, to fix our attention, not on the great leading features which are grand and noble, but on the small details; not to search out the chief motives of action, but to dwell upon the necessarily complicated, mixed, and sometimes doubtful instrumentality by which the chances of position may compel it to work out those principles. It is, then, but serving the cause of truth and justice, if, when the life of a great man is the subject of discussion, and men are casting hostile glances of microscopic scrutiny into the separated parts of it, we demand again and again that it should be judged, not unfairly from year to year, action by action, but as a whole. Then if, as a whole, it shall appear to have been great and beneficent, we are bound, not necessarily to justify it in all its acts, but to let all doubtful deeds be, as it were, absorbed in the good results. Such a service has Signor Boggio most ably and eloquently performed for Count Cavour. He recalls the whole life and services of the man. "See," he exclaims, addressing himself to Garibaldi, "see what Cavour has done for the cause of Italy, and then consider how far you are justified, from a disapproval of some particular acts—a cession of Nice, for instance—in demanding his dismissal as a condition of your future co-operation with the

Sardinian government. His dismissal! by whose prudence, in the highest sense, as by your heroism and the loyalty of Victor Emmanuel, Italy has been freed—Italy has been united." We will epitomise, but shortly, a few passages of this pleading. The whole is ably urged, and is a worthy tribute of gratitude to the king, the statesman, the warrior:—

"If any one in those last terrible days of March, 1849, when our army was scattered, our King had abdicated, and the whole country lay at the mercy of the Austrians—if any one, O reader!" says Signor Boggio, "had told you that ere scarce ten years should have elapsed, you would see those same Austrians, six times more powerful than then, abandoning in precipitate flight the fortifications constructed at immense expense on the banks of the Ticino, the Po, the Trebbia, and flying for refuge to the quadrilateral like sheep to a fold—had told you that Lombardy would be free, Parma and Piacenza free—that Modena, Bologna, Tuscany, Sicily, Naples, would all be free, and twenty-two million Italians would proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy upon the ruins of foreign dominion and the temporal power of the Pope—would you not have looked on such a one as deprived of sense, or as one who, with cruel irony, would make sport of your grief? And yet that which would then have seemed to you a wicked scorn, has now become a reality. How has such a radical transformation been brought about, and how is it that Europe in 1849, hostile to Italy, to Piedmont, now shows us so much sympathy, so much good will? We will frankly declare: a great part of the merit of such splendid results is due to the Count de Cavour. In 1850 Count Cavour became for the first time a minister of the crown. He entered the cabinet, borne there by the powers of his genius, having easily overcome the obstacles that petty jealousies or vulgar prejudices had attempted to place in his way. In a few months the new 'Minister of Commerce' occupied a more important place in the parliament and country than all his colleagues together. Piedmont had up to that time scrupulously adhered to a system of protection. Count Cavour frankly inaugurated the theory of free trade. These theories, in spite of the opposition of the ignorant and interested, he reduced to practice. In a few months the tariff was reformed, and a new era of liberty introduced into commercial relations by a series of treaties with foreign Powers. In the meantime the large expense of the two wars of 1848, 1849, with the enormous indemnity to Austria, the momentary stagnation of business, the failure of the vine and silk crops, had affected the sources of revenue and disarranged the finances of the country; while a multiplication of the means of instruction, the construction of railways, and ameliorations introduced into all branches of the public service, was increasing the expenditure. Count Cavour, confident in the goodness of the end proposed, in the honesty of the people, in the future of Piedmont, dared in spite of all opposition to propose to the nation those sacrifices which were indispensable to restore the equilibrium of the public finances. But the political condition of Europe is now profoundly modified. In France a government is consolidated under the sanction of eight millions of free votes and the shadow of a great name. This government, personified in the heir of the genius of the first Napoleon, can entertain no sympathy for that Austria, whose perfidy was the cause of the downfall of the first Napoleon. Count Cavour saw that this antagonism might make Italy a nation, and while the superficial, according to their wont, traduced his intentions, he was laying a foundation for future action. France and England united for defence of the Ottoman Empire. This was the opportunity a long time desired in secret by the powerful mind that had divined the future destinies of his country. The adhesion of Piedmont to the Anglo-French alliance was the first signal of the events which the justice of God was maturing for the good of Italy. After the battles came congresses. Austria in vain protesting, Piedmont sat side by side with the great Powers. For the first time, by the mouth of Count de Cavour, Italy spake to the powerful the language of a nation conscious of its rights and strength. From that time the idea

gained ground, and daily grew in public opinion, of a national war against the foreigner under the dictatorship of Victor Emmanuel. France, it was foreseen, would fight by the side of Italy. Napoleon III. would lead them to battle—Napoleon, who had given heed to the last prayer of Orsini. But would Napoleon have done so, had not the modification of the laws of the press, resistance to democracy, opposition to the attempts of Mazzini, given a security to the world that Piedmont wished Italy to be freed in the name of right and justice, not of revolution and disorder? Thus, a firm, prudent, energetic policy, of which the Count de Cavour was the author, had in less than ten years radically changed our condition. The work of preparation was complete; it remained to make the thought an action. We must not dwell upon the incidents of the war, so suddenly, to all appearance hopelessly, terminated by the enigmatical peace of Villafranca. What could the prudence of Cavour, the arm of Garibaldi, do against an impossible fatality? But Central Italy imposes by a marvellous firmness its will on Europe. Again, the patriotism of the King and the confidence of the nation, call Cavour to preside over the destinies of the country. The seven million Italians recognised by the treaty of Zurich have become eleven millions. A few more months elapse. Sicily and Naples throw off the yoke, and the eleven millions have become twenty-two millions, united in one bond, one faith, one will. And then, when the cup of freedom is at the very lip, we are to be told that Garibaldi will not have Sicily and Naples annexed to Sardinia!"

Signor Boggio exposes the inconsistency of this idea with all the previous declarations and intentions of Garibaldi, shows how he has been misled by the counsels of certain of the republican party, and proves, as has also the event, that he must soon return to a better judgment. Signor Boggio shows how the expedition to Sicily and Naples, though apparently the sole work of Garibaldi and his volunteers, was in fact equally the work of the Sardinian Government, within whose territories it was organised, and without whose connivance it would have been impossible to take one step to its accomplishment.

"But the Count de Cavour has sold Nice! Oh, the blindness of passion. The life of Cavour has had but one aim—to create an Italy. To that end he has sacrificed everything. To that end, unappalled by the rancour of the powerful, the clamours of the envious, he has devoted years of toil and anxiety. But when he made an appeal to that state by whose aid alone the great attempt could at length be achieved, and was answered that if Italy wished her own redemption in the name of her own nationality, she must recognise the consequences of that principle in favour of others; then it became necessary to choose, either to abandon that part of the ancient monarchy of Savoy of which the nationality was not Italian, or to renounce the unity of Italy. Bitter constraining, unavoidable necessity! Cavour advised the former alternative. It is imputed to him as a crime. But what man of sense could have assumed the terrible responsibility of the other course, with all its miserable consequences? It was, indeed, a fearful dilemma; and that necessity which at times knows no law, must be, not the justification, but the excuse for a measure apparently otherwise unjustifiable. But the Count de Cavour will now cede Elba and Sardinia!"

We will now conclude our article, which has been already protracted beyond our intention, with Signor Boggio's indignant denial of such an accusation, and this time we will let him speak actually in his own words:—

"Leave this foolish accusation to him who has but one plank of safety—your divisions: leave it to the partisans of re-action and of Austria, who watchfully spy out every opportunity of disseminating suspicion and dissensions, that they may keep us divided, weak, and make us again the sport and slaves of others: but let not any one who calls himself an Italian have to contaminate his lips with such an impudent falsehood! I will not

invoke the declarations of Count Cavour to the Parliament (perhaps he had better not); I will not invoke the testimony of the Chambers, or the letter in which that honoured and ardent patriot, Costantino Nigra, our ambassador at Paris, with so great an authority and confidence, contradicts the absurd report: but I will say instead to him that reads—*“If we had been twenty-two million six months ago, would we have ceded Savoy and Nice?”* Is there an Italian who would not be ashamed to believe that any people or prince in the world could impose upon us the sacrifice of a province, when, united from the Alps to Etna in one sole family, we might answer to him that asked it as Leonidas did to the Persian king who commanded him to yield up his arms,—*“Come and take them.”*

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.*

MR. JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON seems to imagine that, by constantly keeping himself before the public, he will attain some sort of fame. No doubt he is right. He will gain the reputation of being the most desperate bookmaker of the day. His work on *“Novels and Novelists”* was a promising specimen of what literature might expect from him. The volumes now before us, the last which have come, not so much from his pen as his scissors, testify that he has fully carried out the idea of his earlier days—the idea that a book is a thing not to be written, but compiled. We confess that such a principle of authorship is not without a certain rational basis. Why should Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson injure his ganglionic structure by the wear and tear of original composition, when the country abounds with treasures of ancient intellect and learning, lying in dusty heaps in the libraries of various learned bodies, and which are full of interesting and not unimportant information? Those yellow old tomes undergo a little manipulation of not a very skilful sort by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson; the pulpy product is transferred to Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and by them sent into the world in all the glories of snowy paper and abundantly leaded type. Now, here is this *“Book About Doctors,”* from its first to its last page, a mere compilation; and more than that, it is a bad compilation. Pinnock's Catechisms are compilations, but they are useful and neat: Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson's book is clumsy, and as uninteresting as the nature of the subject would allow. In the first place, we object to the absurdly hybrid style in which it is written; a curious mixture of dignity and familiarity. It is partly the colloquial, partly the lofty historical, and is equally unsuccessful in both. In the next place, when we take up a book about doctors, we are not induced to do so by the hope of acquainting ourselves with the facts of Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's life, which, interesting as they may be to himself and his more immediate family circle, can scarcely excite much curiosity on the part of the public at large. We are constantly presented with little autobiographic sketches of the *“writer of these pages,”* which, though graphic and eminently edifying, are, after all, not about doctors. For instance, we are told (vol. ii. p. 187), *“that when the writer of these pages was a happy little boy, making his first acquaintance with Latin and Greek (and possibly his last), he was an especial pet”* with a doctor. The small urchin, before mentioned, had free access at all times to the venerable gentleman, who was always glad to see *“his fair-haired child-visitor.”* These glimpses of Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson's *personnel* are introduced, we presume, to give an air of life to *“these pages.”* Again, we are presented to

some of Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson's medical friends—one, *“whom the writer of these pages has reason to think of with affection”* (ii. p. 287); of another, Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson pathetically asks, *“May not mention here be made of thee, friend of my childhood?”* (ii. p. 282); of a third, we are happy to hear the following account—*“But thou hadst not wronged thy wife; it was not thine to hurt any living thing, dear friend,”* (ii. p. 310); again, speaking of the readiness on the part of a patient, when really ill, to pay any amount, Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson treats us to the fact that, *“Alluding to this feature of the sick, a deservedly successful and honourable practitioner, using the language of one of our Oriental consuls, said with a laugh, to the writer of these pages, ‘I wonder at my moderation,’”* (i. p. 205). Pro-dig-i-ous! Once more, *“the writer of these pages has known the humble toilers to retain for a score years the memory of kind services done to them in sickness.”* We cannot close our notice of the autobiographical remarks of *“the writer of these pages,”* without quoting what strikes us as the culminating point of this twaddle:—

“Nutley, a loose rollicking gentleman about town, a barrister without practice, a man of good family and no fortune, a jovial dog, with a jest always on his lips, wine in his head, and a death's-head grinning over each shoulder—[such bachelors may still be found in London]—was in this case the object of the doctor's benevolence. Driven by duns and tipping to the borders of distraction, Nutley crept out of his chambers under the cover of night to the ‘Mitre Tavern,’ and called for ‘a bottle.’ [The writer of these pages has himself heard that same order given to a dingy little waiter, in the dingy little coffee-room of that same dingy little house of entertainment.] ‘A bottle’ with Nutley meant ‘many bottles.’ The end of it was, that the high-spirited gentleman fell down in a condition of — well! in a condition that Templars, in this age of earnest purpose and decent morals, would blush to be caught in. Mr. Nutley was taken hold of by the waiters, and carried upstairs to bed. [A very queer, dingy little bed-room it is.]”

We do not know any subject out of which a pleasanter book might be made than doctors. Of the volume before us we cannot think too meanly. It is utterly without originality; it is carelessly compiled; and it is bolstered up with nonsense about the *“writer of these pages.”* As a sort of recompense, for having dragged our readers through it, we extract one or two anecdotes from *“these pages,”* which, though not very amusing, are the best we can find:—

“Even more than fee gratefully paid does a humorous physician enjoy an extra fee adroitly drawn from the hand of a reluctant payer. Sir Richard Jebb was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. Sir Richard dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them—three, and only three. Instead of walking off, Sir Richard continued his search on the carpet. ‘Are all the guineas found?’ asked his Lordship, looking round. ‘There must be two still on the floor,’ was the answer, ‘for I have only three.’ The hint of course was taken, and the right sum put down.”—(Vol. i. p. 252.)

“A nobler fee was given by a French lady to a surgeon, who used his lancet so clumsily that he cut an artery instead of a vein, in consequence of which the lady died. On her death-bed she, with charming humanity and irony, made a will, bequeathing the operator a life-annuity of eight hundred livres, on condition ‘that he never again bled anybody so long as he lived.’”—(Vol. i. p. 286.)

“Of course Mead did not gain the prize of his profession without a few rough contests with competitors in the race of honour. Woodward, the professor of physic at the Gresham College, attacked him with bitterness in his ‘State of Physic and Diseases,’ and made himself even more obnoxious in

his personal demeanour to him in public. Some insult offered to him by Woodward so infuriated Mead, that the latter drew his sword and ordered his adversary to defend himself. The duel terminated in Mead's favour, as far as martial prowess was concerned, for he disarmed Woodward and ordered him to beg for his life.

“‘Never, till I am your patient,’ answered Woodward, happily.”—(Vol. i. p. 303.)

“The duel between Dr. Williams and Dr. Bennet was one of the bloodiest in the eighteenth century. They first battered each other with pamphlets, and then exchanged blows. Matters having advanced so far, Dr. Bennet proposed that the fight should be continued in a gentlemanly style—with powder instead of fists. The challenge was declined; whereupon Dr. Bennet called on Dr. Williams, to taunt him with a charge of cowardice. No sooner had he rapped at the door, than it was opened by Williams himself, holding in his hand a pistol, loaded with swan-shot, which he without a moment's parley discharged into his adversary's breast. Severely wounded, Bennet retired across the street to a friend's house, followed by Williams, who fired another pistol at him. Such was the demoniacal fury of Williams, that, not contented with this outrage, he then drew his sword and ran Bennet through the body. But this last blow was repaid. Bennet managed to draw his rapier, and give his ferocious adversary a home-thrust—his sword entering the breast, coming out through the shoulder-blade, and snapping short. Williams crawled back in the direction of his house, but before he could reach it he fell down dead. Bennet lived only four hours. A pleasant scene for the virtuous capital of a civilised and Christian people!”—(Vol. ii. p. 137.)

RUSH'S OCCASIONAL PRODUCTIONS.*

THE name of Richard Rush is familiar to most Englishmen. By them assuredly it is one which deserves to be held in honour. There are few Americans who have more thoroughly appreciated the greatness of the parent country, few who have felt more strongly or expressed more eloquently the many claims of love and veneration which Great Britain has upon the citizens of the States, and the suicidal folly of encouraging ill-blood between two great nations which acknowledge the same ancestry, speak the same language, enjoy the same literature, and possess the same faith.

For eight years—not uneventful in the internal history of our country—Mr. Rush resided in London, as American Minister, and in that position he gained the friendship and esteem of some of our most distinguished statesmen. During a very critical period, Mr. Rush was afterwards appointed Minister to France, where he witnessed the downfall of the Citizen King, and did homage to the mushroom republic which was set up in his place. Energy combined with judgment, honesty of intention combined with largeness of aim, extensive powers of acquisition and appreciation—in short, a union of high moral and intellectual qualities, mark out Richard Rush as a man whose memory deserves to be for a long time fragrant on both sides of the Atlantic. The volume before us, though not of a sufficiently distinctive character to gain permanent favour in England, does credit to the heart and brain of its author. Yet it is not as an author that Mr. Rush will live in the recollection even of his own countrymen. He wrote well, indeed, on every subject about which he attempted to write at all. His taste is never at fault, his language is uniformly good, his sentiments are elevated, his style vigorous; but he was a man of action rather than a man of letters, and his powers were not sufficiently commanding to obtain a first-class

* *A Book About Doctors.* By J. Cordy Jeaffreson. In 2 vols. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.)

* *Occasional Productions, Political, Diplomatic, and Miscellaneous.* By the late Richard Rush. Edited by his Executors. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.)

certificate in both departments of labour. Rush was blessed with common sense, and knew perhaps better than any one the extent of his own powers; but he knew also their limit, and never ventured beyond his depth. In later life he destroyed the larger number of his manuscripts, considering that the interest which had prompted him to write them had passed away with the lapse of years. The few he deemed worthy of preservation are collected together by his executors in this interesting volume. They relate mainly to scenes in which the writer figured as an actor or spectator. The first article, entitled "Washington in Domestic Life," is of the slightest possible character, and was suggested by a few unpublished letters put into the writer's hands by the widow of the great general's secretary. Those who cherish a secret interest in the small doings and domestic troubles of great men, will not be unamused to learn how the father of American independence exchanged mangles with Mrs. Morris; how he is suspicious of his steward's honesty, but thinks it possible that a successor might be equally unscrupulous; how he discusses the knotty point of whether a green or yellow curtain would best suit the staircase window in the hall; how he hopes that his study will soon be delivered from the "men of mortar and the carpenters;" how he orders jockey caps for his two postillions, Giles and Paris; and how the latter has grown "so lazy and self-willed, that John the coachman says he has no sort of government of him, as he did nothing he was told to do, and everything he was not;" and how he dislikes the Alexandrian blankets for their price, and denounces those which are made in Philadelphia as being "intolerably narrow." All this, and sundry other details of the same quality, will be found in this paper, which its author correctly terms "a literary trifle."

A personal recollection of Washington, which follows next in order, is equally slight, but more interesting, blended as it is with memories of Lafayette and of Bradford. Two essays, written when Rush was a very young man, and first published in the "Philadelphia Portfolio," are only remarkable as showing the advance afterwards made by the diplomatist in literary composition. It was surely unadvisable to place them in the middle of the volume, between an admirable paper on the "Character of Canning," and some charming letters addressed to Mrs. Rush. These letters are especially interesting, as conveying an American impression of English life and manners, and though Willis and Irving, and many other writers, have given us pictures of England on a broader scale, Mr. Rush's miniature is none the less welcome. In describing a visit to Hagley, for example, a spot immortalised by poets and prose writers, there are few of us who will not read the following remarks with pleasure:—

"England, old as she is, continues to improve on the past. Where she is to stop would be hard to say; but comparing her condition when we first arrived, with all that I see now of increase, I should think that her meridian is still a good way off. It may be that the Lytteltons, familiar with estates and mansions which wealth and art have been embellishing throughout ages, but which their permanent owners go on to cultivate and adorn, are less awake than strangers to the beauties of their own Hagley. At any rate, they show good sense in not talking of them, others perceiving them none the less. Long ownership takes away boast. Those, it has been said, shaded by the foliage of their old trees, have no need to talk of the roots. In size and costliness, the house and estate at Hagley are doubtless surpassed by many others; but in diversified forms of rural beauty throughout the grounds, hills, slopes,

gardens, streamlets, avenues, where art seems to vie with nature for superiority, the well-informed in these matters think it would not be easy to point out places in England that excel Hagley. All might agree that it has good claim to rank among what Mrs. Hemans calls 'The Stately Homes of England.'

"A ruin was built by the first Lord Lyttelton near one of the boundaries, to make the prospect in that part more picturesque. Before the week ended, I walked through the snow to see it, the Vicar of Hagley and Harry my companions. The former pointed out Pope's monument, Milton's seat, and Thomson's, as well-known spots at Hagley, which the weather prevented our seeing before; also grottoes, now glittering with icicles, and superb old oak and elms. The ruin had the appearance of an old edifice or castle fallen to pieces under the hand of time. Ivy grew thick on its apparently ancient walls and mouldering fragments. Fit abode they seemed for the 'moping owl.' From this artificial ruin, the eye sweeps over a wide expanse of country highly improved. I wish I had seen it in the glories of spring or summer; yet the winter prospect told upon the fancy and feelings. Clad in snowy white, mansions, hedges of evergreen, churches, spires, came out distinctly enough to reveal a most beautiful landscape. As we stood looking at it, we called up lines from the poets, arraying the wintry scene in verse. It was on a week-day; otherwise, we might have heard the sound of church-bells in the distance. Such sounds I did hear afterwards near Stoney Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, where we were detained a short time on the road by the snow, the day I was returning to London. I had walked on in advance with some of the passengers, and as I leaned over a bridge, waiting for the coach to come up, intermingling chimes from the turrets of three ancient towns in view, stole into my ear through the stillness of a cold Sunday morning. Shakespeare somewhere alludes to the humanising effect of such sounds. You can look up the passage, as I know how you like to turn to him."

The following scene at Lord Clarendon's is amusing enough. It occurred on the accession of her Majesty, Queen Victoria:—

"The important points of the story of the day told, and the dessert course finished, our accomplished host, addressing himself to me, with his mild expression of countenance tinged with archness, blandly remarked, 'How sadly you in your country have departed from the example of your good old English stock!' 'How?' I asked. 'How?' he replied: 'why, could you elect a lady President of the United States?' This was something of a posing question under the event and topics of the day. I sheltered myself by saying it was a constitutional question we had not yet raised. 'Ah!' he said, 'you know you could not; but we in old England can now call up the classic days of our good Queen Anne, and the glories of Elizabeth; but as for you, you are in love with that Salic law—you will have none but men to rule over you; no lady, however beautiful or accomplished, can you ever put at the head of your nation, degenerate race that you have become!' It was so he pushed me. I parried his thrust as well as I could. Then he varied the attack. 'And what a hubbub you made for a year before electing Mr. Van Buren President! See how quietly a Queen comes to our throne: walk the streets, and you would not know of a change; to-morrow will be as yesterday, except that everybody will have a jocular face at the thoughts of a young Queen. We shall all be proud to look up to her; honoured when allowed to kiss her fair hand at the drawing-room; happy even to have our ears boxed if we deserve it!' It was so he went on in a vein of badinage. The occasion was not one for political dissertation. I stuck to my country by saying, that if we could not elect a lady President, I hoped we should have credit for keeping up the character of our English descent by doing pretty well in other things on our continent. None of the company dissented from this; least of all Lord Clarendon himself, who had been running me so hard, though so playfully. And thus passed off this pleasant little dinner-party and talk about Queens and Presidents."

It would be possible to select many fine passages in the volume written in praise of England, and therefore peculiarly acceptable to Englishmen. Mr. Rush thinks that the reasons are all-powerful for a close and inseparable alliance between America and England:—

"Amidst the agitations of the present, and uncertainties of the future, in Europe, where can we so well look as to England for national characteristics, intermediate between arbitrary systems of government on one side, and those ideas which would topple down all government on the other? What other nation is so near to us in the great attributes of national and individual freedom, or runs so parallel with us in the prosperity resulting from both, as Great Britain? Certainly no other."

"As to mutual interests, I imagine that our dealings with Britain and her dominions exceed considerably, in amount and value, those we maintain with all the rest of the world put together, France and her dependencies included, though I have not examined the latest statistical reports under this head."

And again he writes, in the same letter, "upon public and diplomatic subjects":—

"But that the charters of the thirteen original colonies which founded this great nation were all derived from England; that Independence was declared in the English language; that *that* is the language of the nation, its laws, literature, state-papers, journals of Congress; of those who sit in its judgment-seats; of all the records of its wonderful colonial growth and importance, as Burke truly, philosophically, and gorgeously described both, in his imperishable speeches; the language which embalms the immortal story of our Revolution, with Washington at its head, himself of full English descent; the language which its other heroes and sages spoke, and the rich treasures of which formed their minds, taught them to think, and supplied them with the most effective of all their intellectual weapons, for arguing down the exercise by England of arbitrary power over us, more, far more, than Grecian or Roman authors, who so often side with power against right; that it is the language in which goes the word of command to our army and navy, and embodies the general orders after victory—such facts belong to the past, as well as that we inherit trial by jury from the English, the habeas corpus from the English, and the great elements of the English common law. The solid effulgent memory of all, cannot be obliterated. They belong to the past. The retrospect of them is the richest that any people under heaven have ever been able to claim as establishing their origin, and stamping the causes of their stupendous advancement in so brief a period of time. England and no other race; England, with her host of famous men, in genius, science, letters; in hardy, persevering, and bold enterprise; in a high spirited sense of independence and freedom; famous in peace, famous in war, famous all over the globe, by sea and land, before we were founded—this England, with her wide circle of faults, wider of glory,—is the true parent stock of this great nation, deny it who may; and that she is, will stand out in all time as her greatest glory of all."

And yet again he says:—

"I, indeed, might incline to say, as you also perhaps might, why should two powerful nations, each knowing its own power, and each in possession of its independence and circumspection, distrust each other? It is for the weak to be jealous and fearful. The strong are neither. Or why should two nations like the United States and Britain, in their altered attitude to each other, continue to quarrel in their thoughts, because they have been twice at war? Why should we fear any joint movement with Britain? Is it because we would aim to do wrong, or claim too much for our share in the counsels? I am unwilling to believe it. We shall inevitably have enough of territory, influence, and every thing else, as time goes on, if we keep together. Is it because her government differs in its constitutional forms from ours? Would this be wise? Surely we cannot imagine that she will overturn ours. Our noble institutions of freedom, with all

their preponderating excellence, nevertheless intermingle with them defects interwoven with the works of man. Our well-founded national pride, running to the borders of too much self-exaltation, couples itself with an insensible proneness to disparage nations whose institutions are unlike our own; and chiefly do numbers among us give themselves to the belief that England is an impoverished, sinking country, yet always thinking of mischief to other countries.

These are noble words, and it would be well at this time, and at all times, that the idea contained in them should be reciprocated by England and America, that so there should be no ill-blood, but only honourable rivalry, between the members of the great Anglo-Saxon family.

We have already mentioned that during the Revolution of 1848, Mr. Rush was residing at Paris as American minister. Nearly half of the volume before us is devoted to a glance at the court and government of Louis Philippe, and at the events which followed his flight. Every one who wishes to obtain a vivid notion of that portion of French history, should read this graphic and lively narrative, not because it contains many important facts which cannot be met with elsewhere, but because it records the impressions conveyed by these facts on a public man who was personally acquainted with the Royal family, as well as with the chiefs of the Revolutionary party.

We must close our notice of these "Occasional Productions," but we cannot do so without commending them warmly to the attention of our readers.

WIT AND WISDOM OF SYDNEY SMITH.*

THERE are some writers whose longest compositions would seem to be capable of being divided into innumerable sentences, each of which should be as perfect and complete in itself as the whole from which it is taken, and which it goes to constitute. This style of writing may be designated the aphoristic. A proposition is established or advanced by a series of apparently unconnected aphorisms rather than by a long and more systematic method of proof. Such a style is of twofold value. It propounds recondite truths on the one hand, and on the other, it sets forth a large number of detached and more palpable arguments, themselves full of significance and cogency. Aphoristic writers are of two classes, one of which we have just described. The other adopt the undisguised form of aphorism, and teach their readers by means of sharp, short sentences, what others would communicate in pages or even volumes. Solomon's writings are an instance of the former kind, where a chain is constructed without the joining of the links being visible. Pascal and Rochefoucauld are the most eminent writers of the latter class. Many of the most striking of Carlyle's works are little more than a collection, on highly logical principles, of brilliant aphorisms. The volume before us is an attempt to bring the writings of Sydney Smith into the same category. We confess that to us the attempt appears to be only attended with partial success. Half the sections of this "Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith" are pictures rather than aphorisms, and we are conducted at a step from a bitterly ironical description to a grave moral maxim. This gives a sort of incongruity to the work, and our feelings are constantly receiving jarring impressions consequent upon this incongruity. Sydney Smith was not essentially an aphoristic writer, or an aphoristic thinker. His mind was too rich,

possibly, and too broad, to clothe itself in the skeleton form of aphorisms. Shakspeare, for instance, does not deal largely in such expressions of truths. His mind could not bear to cramp itself in the narrow bounds of a proverb or an epigram; but flowed forth over a wide expanse of thought, and became developed in a broad, mellow diction, such as has never been equalled. We do not intend to compare Sydney Smith to Shakspeare; but we may observe that they both possessed a humour so extraordinarily genial and so markedly rich, as to be scarcely capable of finding any adequate vent within aphoristic limits.

We are somewhat unable, therefore, to understand the motive which has actuated the present editor in the compilation of the volume before us. Wit and knowledge, he remarks in the preface, strike more forcibly upon the mind, and cling more faithfully to the memory, when they are reduced to the form of maxims or aphorisms. But as a matter of fact, wit and knowledge are not here reduced to the form of maxims or aphorisms. To cut twenty or thirty brilliant lines out of a brilliant essay or speech, and then reprint them in a detached paragraph—surely this is not to convert wit and knowledge into an aphorism or a maxim. In fact, there are very few aphorisms, and still fewer maxims, in the entire volume. As we have said, Sydney Smith was too genial for the first, and he was too negative for the last. His whole mission was negative; it lay in the demolition of cant, injustice, hypocrisy, and humbug; and hence his maxims, if they may be so called, are so negative in their character as scarcely to be maxims at all. We do not say Sydney Smith's nature was of itself negative. It was very much the contrary, and circumstances acting on innate disposition made it appear what it really was not. In estimating his powers, moreover, we must ever bear in mind what Sydney Smith himself said, that in the church a man is thrown into life with his hands tied, and bid swim. If he had been a lawyer, the church would not have lost much, whilst the state would have gained immeasurably. If he had not "had his hands tied" by ecclesiastical bonds, Sydney Smith would probably have conferred greater and more substantial benefits on society than even his illustrious friend and ally Henry Brougham.

However, this is not an occasion for discussing Sydney Smith's character. The volume before us sets us thinking of his greatness and goodness of soul, and so far as it does this, we are indebted to it. But we cannot see that such a publication was in any way called for, and we protest against the application of the paste and scissors process to such a man. It reminds us of an expurgated Aristophanes, or any other piece of baldness or mutilation.

NEW NOVELS.

Gladys the Reaper. By the Author of "Simplicity and Fascination." (London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1860.) At the present day, when there is such an inordinate demand for works of fiction, it is scarcely surprising that the purveyors of the supply should be tempted to palm off an article of inferior quality upon the novel-reading community. No sooner has any one writer achieved a success in this branch of literature, than he immediately becomes the prey of a host of servile imitators, who plagiarise his characters, burlesque his style, and disguise themselves so ingeniously in his cast-off garments, that not until they open their mouths can the victimised public realise the fable of the

ass in the lion's skin. There are, we feel assured, at the present day, as many able and original writers—especially in the department of fiction—as ever existed in any previous era of our literature; but the *cacœthes scribendi* has been of late years so infectious, and the facilities for indulging it so great, that it becomes a laborious task to sift the golden grains from the mass of rubbish in which they are embedded. Use is second nature. The reading public has learned tacitly to acquiesce in the present low average of this class of literature, is more than satisfied with anything that comes within the category "readable," and absolutely rises into raptures when anything is set before it that approaches the standard of a good novel. And to this title "*Gladys the Reaper*" possesses certainly considerable claims. Indeed, were it not for some occasional deficiencies and incongruities, which we shall touch upon anon, we might fairly pronounce it to be such without any qualification. Judging from internal evidence, we believe it to be the production of a lady's pen. Only a woman could have dealt so censoriously—we almost said harshly—with feminine foibles and weaknesses, or could have conceived and delineated such an immaculate character—such a concrete embodiment of every heathen and Christian grace and virtue, as that "love of a curate"—to use the young lady parlance—the Rev. Rowland Prothero, who figures so prominently in the story. In other respects, the book betrays no traces of any of those peculiarities which usually characterise the authorship of the gentler sex. The plot is most artistically conceived and elaborately worked out; the characters are truthfully and skilfully portrayed; while some of the writer's sketches of Welsh scenery evince a fidelity to nature and delicacy of finish, indicative of a keen appreciation of the picturesque, coupled with no inconsiderable descriptive powers. One peculiarly effective feature in the story is the inter-dependences of the various *dramatis personæ*. In this respect, "*Gladys the Reaper*" exhibits a favourable contrast to the ordinary run of novels. Instead of endeavouring to concentrate the reader's whole interest in the conventional hero and heroine, and employing all the other characters as a back-ground against which these two important personages may stand out in more prominent relief, our author has interwoven the various characters and incidents of the plot in such a masterly manner that the absence of a single thread would produce a derangement of the *tout ensemble*. So effectually is this inter-dependence of the several actors preserved throughout, that at times we are half in doubt which of them is designed for the hero. There are no less than three claimants for the place of heroine; and so nicely are their respective qualifications balanced, that it would require the discrimination of a second Paris to decide between the trio. There is the patient, faithful, affectionate Gladys; the spoilt, wayward Netta; and the proud, self-willed but noble-hearted Miss Gwynne, the heiress of Glanarvon Park. The post of honour of "hero" must be awarded, we suppose, to the Rev. Rowland Prothero above alluded to. This is the only inartistically-drawn character in the book. It is a specimen of the ultra pre-Raphaelitism of fiction. The very care which the author has taken to delineate absolute perfection, has rendered the picture unnatural and out of drawing. Were the *paragons* of Aristotle and the model Exeter Hall philanthropist rolled into one, we should have but a faint notion of their abnormal ideal. He is ever casting his pearls before

* *The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* (London: Longman. 1860.)

swine in most lavish profusion. He omits no opportunity of lifting up his bushel and revealing the resplendency of the light within. He does not appear to have a single human fault or foible, with perhaps the exception of falling in love with Miss Gwynne. The philosopher may be permitted to dream of an ideal perfection of humanity, but it is the office of the novelist to deal with men as they are, and not as they should be. In the present case, the introduction of such an exaggerated character as Mr. Prothero, causes us to regard with some degree of leniency the shortcomings of some of the other actors, for whom we should otherwise entertain little or no sympathy. By the side of this most objectionably exemplary personage, we can almost find some excuses for the vicar of Howel, the folly and petulance of Netha (poor girl, how she must have suffered under the eternal admonitions of her immaculate brother!), and the haughty superciliousness of the heiress of Glanarvon Park. Vices shrink into venial peccadillos by the side of such a superhuman perfection of virtue. The rest of the characters are, however, admirably delineated. Old Mr. Prothero is a life-like portrait of a sturdy well-to-do Welsh yeoman; and his good amiable spouse is a fine specimen of the model wife, who has her own way, and manages her husband, without his being aware of it. Do we not all recognise in poor Mrs. Jenkins that unhappy but too common character—the fond, injudicious mother, who doats upon her dissipated, unprincipled son, and will not listen to a word of what the world says against him? Are there not around us scores of miserable, misguided Howels, who are hurried from weakness to folly, from folly to vice, and from vice to crime, until they crown a misspent life with degradation and despair? In fact, the whole story—with the one overdrawn exception we have pointed out—is a history of every-day life, worked out with consummate skill and most artistic finish. We have purposely refrained from giving a *résumé* of the plot, for fear of spoiling the reader's interest in the narrative. We can safely pronounce it to be one of the best novels of the season. All we can say is, read it.

The Evil Eye; or, the Black Spectre. A Romance. By William Carleton. (Dublin: James Duffy.) We gather from the dedication of this romance, that Mr. Carleton considers it possible and probable that his recognition of a friend's virtues will suffice to save those virtues from oblivion "which in the course of time and years might have been otherwise forgotten." Happy the man whose worth is thus secured from forgetfulness! The title of the novel now before us will suggest, we should imagine, to all readers who are conversant with Mr. Carleton's writings, the kind of story he has written for their delectation. But if "*The Evil Eye; or, the Black Spectre*," be not sufficiently suggestive of the pabulum provided, the illustrations, which are, we presume, intended to adorn the volume, will form an index to its contents. There are sundry cheap stories, printed week by week for the benefit of small shopkeepers and sentimental servant-maids, which are adorned in the same striking manner, though not with equal skill. Here we find a wounded hero extended in mortal agony, while a female with well-brushed and streaming hair extends her hands towards heaven, or towards Shawn-na-Middoghe, who had killed—or, as it proved, attempted to kill—the wrong man; here again is a young lady burying her face pathetically in one hand, while with the other she warns off a rejected wooer; and here we have the villain who owns the evil eye, exulting in the devastation it had effected

on the same lady, who is apparently lying dead upon a couch. "It is done now," said he, "there she lies—a corpse—and I am now master of my twelve hundred a-year." There are several illustrations of this stamp, and they, together with the letter-press, will afford infinite amusement to the lovers of startling incidents and hairbreadth chances, and who like the excitement of meeting with such a villain as Harry Woodward, or such a mysterious philanthropist as Valentine Greatrakes. The story of "*The Evil Eye*" is too full of extraordinary events to incur the fatal censure of dullness. There is no striking delineation of character, there are few of the higher qualities exhibited which we demand, somewhat unfairly perhaps, from the novelist; but there is plenty of life in the tale, and the reader will scarcely find the time move heavily which he devotes to its perusal.

Too Late. By Mrs. Dimsdale. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) Novel readers, as a class, sit down in the hope either of being amused or else of catching some glimpse of phases of life different from those to which they are accustomed. For, supposing that the generality of our novel readers only read with the view of seeing what misery can beset a fellow-creature, or of testing how much subtlety and villany is required to make an honest man leave his path, should we not feel it a kindness to recommend for their perusal either the list of candidates for the Governess's Institution or the "*Newgate Calendar*," where they might see the hideous realities of want and crime set forth, although without the finishing touch of the novelist's pen? We wish to see in a novel life naturally painted, and not every accident and misfortune which could possibly occur, jostled together in hideous conglomeration. Mrs. Dimsdale seems to us to have fallen into the error we have just been contending against, for, in the space of two hundred pages, she has concentrated vice, misery, and startling incidents enough to have given subject for a whole series of *Waverley* novels. Let us just glance at the *dramatis personæ* and incidents of this piece. A child is struck blind by lightning, the father burnt at sea, and the mother dies of a broken heart. A fine old mansion is burnt to the ground, and the infant heiress is supposed to perish from the effects of the fire. This is all told in the first thirty pages. Amongst the characters are a Lady Dormington, widow, unpleasing and worldly; her step-son Jack Hilton, a good-natured fool, who by a fall from his horse loses the few brains he ever had, and becomes a helpless idiot. Young Mortimer, the good character of the piece, is killed in the Crimea; his betrothed, Alice Tressilian, sinks with a pleasure boat and is drowned, while her father, in hastening to her rescue, falls dead on the bank from an affection of the heart; and the whole is wound up by telling the reader that Mabel Hilton, who married the aforesaid idiot in the hopes of providing for her blind sister, (when that sister, for whom she has sacrificed everything, has ceased to live) becomes the possessor of a large fortune. The plot is simply told, and some of the descriptions—for instance, that of the burning house—are depicted with a vividness and originality worthy of a better work. The authoress's style is easy and pleasant, save when the reader is startled by one of the terrible catastrophes with which her pages are crowded. Mrs. Dimsdale has called her book "*Too Late*;" the critic will probably call it "*Too Exciting*."

Agnes Arnold. A Novel. By William Bernard MacCabe. (Newby.) We regret that we cannot say even a word in favour of

this novel. It is one of the very worst we have ever read. The characters are unnatural and exaggerated. The servant-maid talks like a fine lady, and the fine lady of the story talks like a prosy reviewer. The tale consists of a conglomeration of murders. It creates, after a feeble fashion, the sort of horrid interest with which a man may be supposed to read the "*Newgate Calendar*." Stupid stories are sometimes redeemed by excellent intentions, but even this unsatisfactory palliation is wanting. The apparent object of the author is to revive dead political animosities, and the book might create a little mischief if it only possessed a little ability.

POETRY.

The Fate of Franklin. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore, of Exeter College, Oxon, and of Lincoln's Inn. (Hardwicke.) Our first impression on glancing at the title-page of this poem, was that Mr. Blackmore, its author, was doubtless the crowned laureate for the £50 prize which some amiable, though to our mind mistaken, lady was induced to offer about a year since, for the best poem emanating from Oxford, on the life and career of Sir John Franklin. On further examination, however, we see we were mistaken in the fact of our author's success; though we must add, after a careful reading of the whole, that we cannot quite divest ourselves of the idea that the work was originally written with some other object in view than the charitable one now stated in the title-page, of "aiding the fund for erecting a statue of Franklin in his native town." The poem is characterised in the main by that peculiarly set style and measured commonplace which usually distinguishes the whole class of prize-productions. The scene in which the action lies we must allow is sufficiently cold and uninviting, but the author is in his way colder still; for without that witching power, which terrifies while it charms, in Coleridge's "*Ancient Mariner*," when—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled and roared and howled
Like noises in a mound!"—

without this, we say, the present production reminds us more, in its effect, of the dead level monotony of snow, which even we in England can appreciate, than of the icy but magnificent desolation of those Arctic seas in which the poet is supposed to be ranging. The poem consists of two parts, the first of which is chiefly devoted to an account of its gallant hero's earlier adventures in Greenland and elsewhere, and concludes with a passage on "desolate scenery" (to quote the description given in the summary); and as perhaps it gives the best specimens of our author's best powers, we quote the few first lines:—

"Oh majesty of mountain heights,
Unfathomable depth of sea,
Oh dreary verge where earth unites
With tranquil heaven's infinity:
Ye scenes wherein our soul delights,
Ennobling, eloquent, and free;
How glorious when the summer noon
Hath peopled you with sun and cloud;
How solemn when the setting moon
Betwixt you draws her silver shroud!
Though mantled in immortal state
Ere life was dreamed, or man designed,
Contemptuously desolate,
Or grandly undefined—
What are ye all to compensate
The absence of mankind!"

These lines give hope of better things; and did we not see, by an advertisement at the end of the present poem, that Mr. Blackmore had already made his appearance on three several occasions before as a poet, we might fairly expect a ripper harvest in days to come. But to return to the poem itself. The second part we follow on through many long, long months of watching and hopeless energy, to the sad but heroic closing-scene which ended this "strange eventful history;" after which, with a graceful compliment addressed to Lady Franklin, and some reproaches on the listlessness of Government in the cause of the lost Admiral, the poem concludes

with a conviction that must find an echo in every heart—that England

"Hath Nelsons yet,
That she hath men of spirit true,
To establish art and science free,
To lead our march by land and sea,
To dare and to endure."

Before parting with our author, we may call attention to a few of the strange similes which are here and there scattered over the surface of the poem—as odd and grotesque as the little patches of Iceland moss itself in the midst of its fostering snow. In this respect, then, perhaps our author has, for a moment at least, quitted the beaten road of commonplace, but only, in our opinion, to rush into the extremest depths of extravagance and nonsense. As instances of what we say, we hear of Franklin having

"A cheery wit, to stand behind
The open port-holes of the mind;"

rather an uninteresting occupation, we should think, in many cases. Again, by way of a natural phenomenon peculiar, we presume, to the tropics, we read how

"The sun embraced
The southern half of heaven's waist."

Again, we are told, and this is a still stranger phenomenon, that

"The reined horizon stood
And clapped its arms to stir the blood."

Elsewhere we read of "spicules of florescent brine;" of a monstrous iceberg,—

"Compared herewith no other pack
Is more than scratch on mammoth's back," &c.

But enough of such marvels; and, in conclusion, we can only regret our inability to praise that which, whether it add ought to the Franklin monument or no, is never likely, in our opinion, to raise for the author that "monumentum are perennius" which usually constitutes the object of the poet's ambition.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Sixty-eighth Psalm as Prophetic of the Messiah and His Church. A Translation from the Hebrew, with Explanatory Notes. By a Septuagenerian. (London: Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row.) When a "Plymouth Sister" announces that the whole ship's crew of English sailors became Christian on her voyage; when, from one quarter, we are to have a new translation of our Bible, and from another a popular divine proves from Isaiah's "Woe to the land shadowing with wings from beyond the river of Ethiopia" that England is destined to restore the Jews to Palestine, or such a watering place is described as now "full of revivals," a young lady's inquiry what the septuagenarians believed in may almost be excused. The venerable author presents us with a specimen of the weak reasoning and shallow scholarship of the present day on subjects of religion. Far from adding to the treasures of former investigators, his work rather obscures the view we receive from the old Bible translation. Most of the variations are built on arbitrary fancies, and are utterly unsupported by grammatical criticism, while the whole rests upon the hypothesis of a mechanical inspiration of every word and syllable of Scripture. Hence in this triumphal procession song, in the midst of a description of the kings and nations from without coming with their humble tribute to the temple at Jerusalem, we are favoured with at once a translation and interpretation, to this effect:—

"He rebuketh the selling of beasts,
He testifieth against bulls treading in the courts of the people.

He scattereth the pieces of silver,
That the people may delight to draw near."

(a good way of drawing people). If this is a translation, it is certainly of some other book than the Psalms, or if it be an interpretation, it does "cause at first some little surprise." We would venture this as a translation:—"Rebuke the beast of the reed, the company of the mighty ones with the bullocks of the peoples, prostrating themselves with pieces of silver, he scatters the people that delight in wars." The inspired poet bids kings bring presents, then he symbolises Egypt by the beast of the reeds—the hippopotamus, whose rulers and common people, the power of the world, as opposed to that of Jehovah, shall be reduced to submission

to the God of Israel. The pet rendering of our septuagenerian is beautifully supported by a full display in the notes of all (we should think) his stock of Hebrew. As an instance of erudition, *hayath*, a noun in the construct state, which has the force of "beast of," is rendered "of beasts;" a mistake which the merest tyro would hardly commit. But, besides this, the new version must be rejected for its want of sequence and connection with the former verse. It would seem as if the inspired poet renounced these, as if his brain became a kaleidoscope, and his sole business was to give a faithful copy of it. It is but solemn trifling with Scripture to come to it simply to discover there our own crude notions, or a previously formed system derived from the insipid tradition of popular theology. The true principle of all right interpretation must be this: adherence to the literal sense, with an insight into the idea and spirit of the original. When we have secured this, the inward and deeper sense which is mystical and prophetic, will be clearly seen, just as when the waters of a lake are quite still and calm, the sky, hills, and woods are clearly mirrored therein.

Doings in Partry. A Chapter of Irish History. By Lex. (Hatchard & Co.) Any one who is acquainted with Tourmakeady will be familiar also with the name of the Rev. Patrick Lavelle, a gentleman whose famous notoriety is such as to have reached the ears of many who are not commonly interested in Irish matters. Not very many months have passed away since, in a wild path among the mountains, he urged his people to attack Mr. Goodisson of Anasleagh, and though Mr. Goodisson—an earnest and hard working clergyman—acted unwisely on that occasion, the behaviour of the priest, and the deliberate falsehoods by which he sought to justify it afterwards, prove that even the most cautious conduct would have been of little avail. In the "Times" of last Wednesday our readers may have observed that Lord Plunket has explained his conduct to his tenantry, and given a full contradiction to the assertions of Lavelle. The pamphlet now before us, written, as it seems, without the Bishop's knowledge, contains a clear statement of the case. There are many people in England who think that the persecuting spirit of Romanism has been swept away with the advance of civilisation: to them we especially commend this chapter of Irish history, not because it is an isolated and unparalleled story, but because it is only an extraordinary instance of what the priests are continually enacting on a smaller scale, in the more benighted regions of western Ireland.

Poisoning and Poaching. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.) This pamphlet is full of practical remarks and well-considered suggestions on the subjects of which it treats. The writer never states an evil without at the same time proposing a remedy, and never touches on any point that is irrelevant to his argument. The evils incidentally connected with burial and life insurance societies, the means of effectually preventing the criminal acts which have frequently been perpetrated in connection with them, and the best methods to be adopted for preventing the careless and dangerous use of poisons, are stated with considerable clearness and force. On the question of poaching, the writer is equally at home, and the simple fact that upwards of 2,500 persons in England and Scotland were last year committed to prison for offences against the game laws, seems to call for a fresh and thorough consideration of the subject. We agree with the anonymous author of this pamphlet that the system of artificial game preserves, in which the birds are multiplied beyond all natural limits, is not only destructive of all legitimate and manly sport, but is also immoral, from its tendency to engender crime.

The Handbook of Etiquette. Being a Complete Guide to the Usages of Polite Society. (London: Cassell.) A "Handbook of Etiquette" is proverbially a collection of precepts, which, however useful they may be to some, are ludicrously commonplace to the majority of people. "Do not put your knife into your mouth;" "Do not pick your teeth with a fork;" "Scratching your head in company should always be avoided;" "In case of any irritation in your nose, apply your handkerchief to it;" "Avoid speaking with food in your mouth." All these are invaluable to a degree in point of abstract truthfulness; but we confess they impart an air to a book

so irresistibly comic, that one is apt to ignore the real benefits which may possibly be derived from it. The "Handbook" before us seems as good as any of its class, and we believe might make a man polite, but rather stiff. A "Handbook of Etiquette" will no more familiarise a man with "the usages of polite society" than a "Manual of Swimming" will make him a good swimmer.

Darien; or, the Merchant Prince. By Eliot Warburton. Fourth Edition. (Hurst and Blackett.) Consistently with their plan of comprising in their Standard Library some of the most popular and at the same time the most able works of the day, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have published "Darien," one of the best of its author's productions, in this agreeable form. Of the form of the Standard Library we need not speak, still less of the merits of "Darien." But it is a twofold advantage to find so good a book in so good a shape.

Handbook of Business. A Dictionary of the Terms and Technicalities of Commerce; with Tables of Foreign Monies, Weights, and Measures. (London: Cassell.) This is an alphabetically-arranged handbook or dictionary of the various technical terms employed in trade. The list is tolerably copious, and the explanations are lucid and intelligible. The "Handbook of Business" will be very useful to the class of men for whom we presume it is intended—the class who sojourn, during the day time at least, to the east of Temple Bar. At the same time, there are many to the west of that ancient obstacle, whose knowledge would be advantageously increased by perusing the little book before us.

THE MAGAZINES.

"The North British Review." November, 1860. No. LXVI. We welcome the appearance of this number, not merely as an able digest of passing literary events, but also as a valuable addition to our present stock of information. Simply to say that the articles are above mediocrity would be a very feeble compliment; they are of the very highest order, and the "Review" evidently has a staff of men who show genius in originality of thought, and great talent in the expression of it. The first article, which we have reason to believe is by the well known Mr. Isaac Taylor, combines German profundity with English felicity of expression; and though the title, "Modern Thoughts, its Progress and Consummation," would seem to initiate us into the study of a dry, abstract subject, we hardly recollect anything we have been enabled to read through with such continued attention and interest. We must premise that the article is a criticism on three important essays by Sara S. Hennell, which, for rigid argumentation and impartiality, have not often been surpassed by any philosopher of the male sex. So far from seeing in Miss Hennell's philosophy the "modern thoughts" of the "advanced thinkers," the writer proves it to be only a reproduction of ancient Oriental vagaries in matters of creed, and he even contends for the superiority of the latter. After fairly weighing the claims of the various systems, Buddhism and the cognate Pantheism (which we may notice *en passant* has been, and is, the persuasion of more than one-third of the human race), Brahminism, and Polytheism, he concludes with the following memorable words:—"Hitherto a skirmishing has gone on with uncertain advantages—sometimes on this side, sometimes on that—the result being, to the lookers on, disquiet and discouragement. It shall not always be so: let modern thought more fully develop its own atheistic quality, and the reaction shall commence which shall put our Bible into our hands with a new feeling of confidence that we are holding, indeed, the Book of God." We are then brought to an article which is replete with matter. At last we have something historical on the vexed question of the Druses. They are neither Druids nor Normans, but simply Arabs, who take their name from Derazi, a devoted follower of Hakim, the third Khalif of the Fatimite dynasty in Egypt. We are surprised at the fact of the connexion of the Druses with the Normans being for a moment seriously entertained by any sensible man, and are perhaps in a state to account for its ever being believed. Fakhr ed Din,

in order to interest Christian Europe, represented himself when on a visit to Italy as a descendant of the House of Lorraine, and immediately was it *érigé en croyance* throughout all Europe that the Druses were of Norman origin. The name was ingeniously derived from the Count of Drays or Dreux, who died on a pilgrimage to Palestine. As regards their faith, they were known to fight against the Mahomedans, so they could be anything else than Christians. A beautiful poem of Palestine perpetuates the same delusion, but we should have thought that idea completely exploded by the writings of Adler. By a strange coincidence it so happens that what was at the time a deliberate falsehood came back to the Druses themselves in some misty, indefinite form, and to the present day many of their uninitiated think themselves "first cousins of the English," of which relationship we have no reason to be too proud. Supposing now a second conflagration of a "library of Alexandria" to take place; supposing definite historical evidence to be annihilated, we would have recourse to popular traditions, songs, &c., and from their similarity to those in various parts of Europe, we would have a complete chain of evidence in favour of the descent of the Druses from the Normans. We do not agree with the writer's absolute denial of the adaptation of Mahomedanism to civilisation. It is a fact little known, but none the less historically true, that the age of *Renaissance* is greatly due to the Mahomedan Arabs. Agriculture, medicine, chemistry, astronomy, poetry, industry, and, above all, authentic history of the times, owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the indefatigable labours of these adherents to the "false prophet." Let us not forget that there is a difference between the present brutalised form of Mahomedanism and the religion of the Koran preached at Mecca, as distinguished from the "suras" delivered at Medina. After a short notice of the Metavelis (the followers of Ali, son-in-law of Mahomed) a few words are given to the Ansaris, a barbarous tribe, whose doctrines are clouded in mystery which none has yet been enabled to unravel. We venture here a suggestion, and ask how far may not the worship of the parrot, which is that of the Yazids in Kurdistan enter into their religion? Art. III is on Leigh Hunt, and is most pleasingly written. We then come to a sterling account of the "Spanish Republics of South America," and are glad that even there a bold advocate for civil and religious liberty should be found in the person of the learned Lastarria. We next make a transition to a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of the "Revival." We confess that after reading this article we are not inclined to condemn them *ex cathedra*, but we would sternly rebuke any attempt at "getting them up," as has, during the short period of its existence, been very much the case in England. Article IX., on the "Martyrdom of Galileo," is a most valuable historical contribution. A political diatribe on the question at present agitating Europe, "The Sicilian Game," wherein the writer wishes the cause of Italians all success, closes this valuable number, full of interest and literary importance.

"Blackwood." The opening article on "Civil Service Appointments," is full of ability, and though we differ entirely from the writer in his conclusions, we are quite ready to admit that his arguments are the most cogent that could be brought forward on that side of the question. His general opinion is that the question of initial appointments is really a small and unimportant part of the subject of government service. The remarks on "Our Administration in India" show the necessity of our fixing speedily upon some decided line of policy in reference to Indian government; and, having fixed upon it, the necessity of not abandoning it at the suggestion of every crotchety legislator who fancies himself capable of effecting a political amelioration for India. The article on Ary Scheffer, the French painter, is about the best of the many that have been written on Mrs. Grote's biography, and exhibits a thorough appreciation of him, both as artist and citizen. Amongst the other articles in the number are "Iron-Clad Ships of War," and "Judicial Puzzles—the Annesley Case." The verses entitled "Carpe Diem," though sufficiently commonplace in idea, are full of rich metaphor, and are of exquisite rhythm.

"Fraser's." The author of the very admirable article on "Hymnology," this month contributes one, equally agreeable, but infinitely inferior in weight, on the subject of matrimony. It cannot be said to contain much thought, or any novel information, but it is pleasant post-prandial reading. The style is wonderfully like that of the well-known A. K. H. B. "Gryll Grange" and "Ida Conway" continue their course in the department of fiction; in that of philosophy, Mr. Bain furnishes another paper, "The Examination of the Sentiments according to Phenology;" in the region of poetry, we have "Marie Antoinette's Farewell to her Son," suggested by Ward's painting, and some verses on "Newark Abbey—August, 1842. With a Reminiscence of August, 1807." They are both of considerable merit, though the former is too spasmodic. The "Reminiscences of M. Asheton Smith" are reviewed briefly, but in a genial spirit. We must not omit to notice the tremendous and deserved onslaught made upon Mr. Ruskin's contributions to the "Cornhill;" and a still severer castigation of Sir Archibald Alison. The "Chronicle of Current History" is written with its usual comprehensiveness of view.

"The Cornhill," this month, is more flimsy than usual, and seems to lack its ordinarily strong flavour. We miss those substantial articles in which it was formerly so rich, and have instead a superfluity of essays, delightfully written, and each of which is excellent in itself, but coming all together are rather palling. For instance, "Oratory," "Work," "Neighbours," and the "Roundabout Journey," are all and each excellent; but it would have been more agreeable for us, and more prudent for the editor, if they had been used more sparingly, and interspersed with stronger meat. Of this latter sort, there are only a long paper on "Weather," and a short one on "Italy's Rival Liberators." The former is most elaborately written, and is worthy of an attentive perusal. Owen Meredith's "Last Words" is full of exquisite sentiment, occasionally verging on the morbid. Mr. Ruskin enlightens the world with some further lucubrations on what he chooses to consider "Political Economy." "Unto this Last" is really one of the most melancholy spectacles, intellectually speaking, that we have ever witnessed.

"Bentley's Miscellany" contains a short article on Carlyle which is well worth reading. It is a notice of two German accounts of him, one by a Mr. Hartzmann, the other by Varnhagen von Ense.

"The Art Journal" contains an exquisite engraving of *The Lower Lake of Killarney*, from the picture by Anthony, in the Royal Collection; and one, if possible, still more beautifully executed, Turner's *Village Blacksmith*.

YOUTH AND MEMORY.

There is a bloom of varied hue—

A bloom by merriment given,

To every flower which opens to view

Beneath youth's sunny heaven.

Youth's every joy, which, while possessed,

Seemed scarcely worth possessing,

In merriment's shadowy mantle drest

Appears a slighted blessing.

Youth's every woe, when by the cloud

Of darker fortunes shaded,

On memory's tablets thickly crowd,

Like joys which time has faded.

R. W.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD'S MEMOIRS.—This aged nobleman has expired at the moment when the second volume of his autobiography is being issued by Messrs. Bentley. We understand that the first volume of this important historical work acquired so great a popularity, that the issue of the second, although much larger, is already completely exhausted. The deceased nobleman, who exhibited unflinching intellect almost to the last day of his life, and personally supervised the proof sheets of his memoirs as they passed through the press, has left sufficient materials in the hands of Messrs. Bentley for a third and concluding volume, which will complete not only the vindication of the old soldier-sailor, but furnish new and valuable materials towards the naval history of the country.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

- Abel Grey, by the Author of "Hannah Lee," 18mo., 2s. Tract Society.
- Angus (J.), Bible Handbook, 8vo., 10s. Tract Society.
- Armstrong (C. F.), Lily of Devon, 12mo., 2s. Lea.
- Boner (C.), Chamois Hunting in Mountains of Bavaria, new edition, post 8vo., 10s. Chapman and Hall.
- Bradley (J. M.), Manual of Illumination on Paper and Vellum, 2nd edition, 12mo., 1s. Winsor and Newton.
- Bruce (E. B.), Wellington's Career, or Military and Political Miscellany, post 8vo., 2s. J. Blackwood.
- Buckley's Serenaders' New Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, Book 1, 4to., 1s. Sheard.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated, Life by Offor, 4to., 21s. Routledge.
- Burnet (J.), Practical Hints on Portrait Painting, new edition by Murray, 4to., 12s. Hall.
- Cabinet Lawyer, a Popular Digest of Laws of England, 18th edition, 12mo., 10s. 6d. Longman.
- Campbell (Douglas), New Religious Thoughts, post 8vo., 6s. 6d. Manwaring.
- Carlyle and Watts's Manual of Psalmody for Services of Church of England, 16mo., 1s. and 2s. 6d. Haddon.
- Child's Famous Picture-Book, folio, 5s. Ward and Lock.
- Collins (C. A.), Eye Witness, and His Evidence about many Wonderful Things, post 8vo., 5s. Low.
- Constable's Educational Series, Third Reading-Book, 12mo., 1s. 3d. Hamilton.
- Croker (T. C.), Walk from London to Fulham, 12mo., 5s. Tegg.
- Danton Manor House, a Novel, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Hurst and Blackett.
- De Courcy's Art of Singing at Sight, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Diprose.
- De Lara's Instructions in Illuminating and Missal Painting, 6th edition, 12mo., 1s. Longman.
- Forms of Prayer Adapted to each Day in the Year, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Bell.
- Gilles (Mary), The Carew, A Tale of the Civil Wars, 16mo., 6s. Kent.
- God's Unspeakable Gift, by Author of "God is Love," 12mo., 5s. Darton.
- Grote (G.), Plato's Doctrine Respecting the Rotation of the Earth, 8vo., 1s. 6d. Murray.
- Grueser (C.), A Thesaurus of German Poetry, 8vo., 6s. 6d. Nutt.
- Guide to English Literature, in Question and Answer, 16mo., 2s. 6d. Simpkin.
- Halliday (A.), Adventures of Mr. Wilderspin, new edition, 16mo., 2s. Ward and Lock.
- Hartwig (Dr.), Sea and its Living Wonders, 8vo., 18s. Longman.
- Henry (M.), Exposition of Old and New Test Books, 8vo., 42s. Simpkin.
- Household Songs and Lyrical Pieces, Illustrated by B. Foster, &c., 7s. 6d. Kent.
- Hunter (S. J.), Acts to Amend the Law of Property, and to Relieve Trustees, 12mo., 5s. 6d. Butterworth.
- Hunter (S. J.), Act to Further Amend the Law of Property, 12mo., 2s. Butterworth.
- Hurst and Blackett's Library—Warburton (E.), Darien, post 8vo., 5s. Hurst and Blackett.
- Johnson's Cottage Gardener, Vol. 24, royal 8vo., 8s. 6d. Office.
- Leighton (A.), Curious Storied Traditions of Scottish Life, 2nd edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
- Lord's Prayer Explained to Children, Preface by Bellevue, 16mo., 2s. 6d. Kent.
- Lytton (E. B.), Zanoni, cheap edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Routledge.
- Lytton (E. B.), Last Days of Pompeii, Library edition, 12mo., 5s. Blackwood.
- Maury (J.), Cotton Trade of Great Britain, Its Rise and Progress, royal 8vo., 5s. Simpkin.
- Murray's Handbook of North Italy, 8th edition, 12mo., 12s. Murray.
- My Country, by "E. S. A.," post 4to., 18mo., 1s. Wertheim.
- Oke (G. C.), Magisterial Synopsis, A Practical Guide for Magistrates, 7th edition, 8vo., 44s. Butterworth.
- Olshausen's Biblical Commentary on Gospels and Acts, 4 vols., post 8vo., 24s. Clark, Edinburgh.
- Parker (L.), Modern Treatment of Syphilitic Diseases, 4th edition, 8vo., 10s. Churchill.
- Pirrie (P.), Practice of Surgery, 2nd edition, 8vo., 21s. Churchill.
- Railway Library—Miriam May, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge.
- Rhodes (Rev. W.), Memoir by Stanford (Power in Weakness), 2nd edition, 12mo., 2s. Jackson and Walford.
- Roberts (R.), Autumn Tour in Spain in 1859, 8vo., 21s. Saunders and Otley.
- Routh (E. J.), Elementary Treatise in Dynamics of a System of Rigid Bodies, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Macmillan.
- Rowcroft (C.), Recollections of Fleet Prison, 12mo., 2s. Lea.
- Sale (G.), The Koran, Translated into English, with Notes, new edition, 8vo., 7s. 6d. Tegg.
- Scott's Quentin Durward, New Illustrated Edition, 2 vols., 12mo., 4s. 6d. each.
- Scott's Waverley Novels, Cabinet Edition, 25 vols., 12mo., £3 10s.
- Scrivener (F. H.), Greek Testament, Marginal Edition, 4to., 12s. Bell.
- Sneyd (C.), Meditations for a Month on Select Passages of Scripture, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Rivingtons.
- Solicitor's Diary and Almanack, for 1861, 2s. 6d., 4s., and 5s. Groombridge.
- Stephen (John), Common Law Procedure Act, 8vo., 5s. Butterworth.
- Sunshine in the Heart, or Cheerful Amy, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Nelson.
- Thackeray (W. M.), Irish Sketch-Book, 3rd edition, 12mo., 5s. Chapman and Hall.
- Thrupp (P.), Introduction to Study and Use of the Psalms, 2 vols., 8vo., 21s. Macmillan.
- Urquhart (Dr.), Lebanon (Mount Souria), a History and a Diary, 2 vols., 8vo., 28s. Newby.

Valentine Duval, an Autobiography of the Last Century by Author of "Mary Powell," post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Bentley.
Valpy's Etymology of Words of Greek Language, 4to, 4s. Longman.
White (Rev. Jas.), History of England from Earliest Times to 1838, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Routledge.
Wolfe (Arthur), Hymns for Public Worship, 18mo., 2s. Macmillan.
Wordsworth (C.), New Text in Greek, Vol. 4, royal 8vo, 21s. Rivingtons.

We have received:—

"Introductory Lecture Delivered at the Opening of the Evening Classes of King's College, London, for the Winter Session, 1860-61." By Alphonse Mariette, M.A. (Williams and Norgate).
"Revue Germanique." (Paris.)
"The Ladies' Companion and Monthly Magazine" for November. (Rogerson and Tuxford.)
"Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions" for November. (John Churchill.)
"Duffy's Hibernian Magazine." (London and Dublin: J. Duffy.)
"The Farmer's Almanac and Calendar for 1861." (London: Ridgway.)
"Handbook of English History." By Rev. James Ridgway. (London: Bell & Daldy.)
"Nemesis, or the Avenger." By the Author of "Alone." Run and Read Library. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)
"The Altar Light." A Tribute to the Memory of Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. By Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D. (London: J. Nisbet.)
"The Lord Mayor of London." A Sketch of the Origin, History, and Antiquity of the Office. Reprinted from the "City Press."
"One of Them." Part XII. (Chapman and Hall.)
"Welcome Guest," for November. (Houlston and Wright.)
"Sacred Minstrelsy." (Bosworth and Harrison.)
"Colburn's New Monthly Magazine." (Chapman and Hall.)
"The Eclectic." (Judd and Glass.)

THE WEEK.

TEMPLE BAR.

Fairly in November, we are at once impatient for December. It is the jovial month of the year, when everything is to be taken as kindly as possible. You must dine with your relations, without displaying more *emui* than seems to apply to the amount of roast ox and dry groceries that you have cheerfully consumed. Gracefully must a young gentleman talk to the "old girls," whilst the young ladies are taking care of the children. It is the season that excuses the disgusting production of fruity port in place of good claret; that places the youngsters on an intimate footing; and that revives many wisely abandoned friendships, simply because it is "the season." O'Ho's tragedy will be successful; so will McCad's comedy; everything will be triumphant! We believe, however, that the season will bring forth one good thing that shall not need the season to ensure success. On the 1st of December will appear the first number of Mr. George Augustus Sala's new shilling magazine, "Temple Bar," a work for which, many things considered, as large an amount of public favour may be expected as for any magazine, without one exception. It must be understood that we are not now repeating what is rumoured, to use the late Mr. aBecket's humorous phrase, "in circles likely to be misinformed." On the contrary, the secrets of authority have been violated in our favour. As society is already contrasting the new-born "Temple Bar" with the ten-months old "Cornhill," we may mention one decided point of difference: "Temple Bar" will contain exactly one sheet, or sixteen pages, more than its grave and reverend senior. The novel, already promised to be the best to be had for gold, will be from the pen of a "young lady, her first appearance on any stage," so no astonishment need be exhibited if the work should prove to be another "Jane Eyre," or "Mary Barton." Amongst the contributors to the first number will be the Rev. Mr. Bellev and Dr. Hood, a celebrated authority in insane circles, who will furnish a paper concerning "Criminal Lunatics."

A WINE.

Time alone can decide what shall be the merits of Mr. Cobden's treaty with France. At present non-manufacturers think, to adopt the Hibernian, that the reciprocity is all on one side. Our neighbours are too minute in their calculations, even for our manufacturers; and the published instalment of the tariff seems to point to the fact that greater injury may be done to trade by meddling pettinesses and blundering officials—the French *douaniers* are not a bright set of people—than by heavier duties that might be levied at a glance. There will be thousands on thousands of different duties, and a separate reference must be made for each by the English exporter as well as the French receiver. Our ordinary Englishman, moreover, who is made to pay dearer for his spirits in order that he may have his wine cheaper, will be disgusted to find that he will not like his wine when he gets it. This year the Bordeaux vintage is rich in quantity, but bad in quality; and it is only by the expensive process of separating the bad from the good grapes that a wine fit for the English market can be obtained. The Champagne vintage has had no sun; therefore there is no saccharine in the grape, no alcohol. The only wine that appears to be good of its kind is the Roussillon. Does the reader remember something of that name in Mr. Thackeray's "Great Hogarty Diamond"? We can feel the enamel off our teeth already.

THE CAFFRE LAUREATE.

We trust that, as the figure-head of H.M.S. Euryalus is turned home for Christmas, the head of H.R.H. Prince Alfred will not be turned also. It is no slight part of the misfortunes of princes that they are turned into little men before they have become great boys. But a prince on board ship is most peculiarly situated. One day mast-headed by a captain who will make no distinctions, or clobbered in the cock-pit by midshipmen who will; the next day on shore, laying, as Prince Alfred did at the Cape, the first stone of a sailors' home, making a little speech, being highly complimented, and telling all the notabilities that they may be sure he will go home and tell his royal mother. The Prince, it appears, was highly affected on leaving the society of the friendly Caffres, but we trust that he will not come home with a ring through his nose, as was suggested by a far-seeing disciple of Rousseau. Darala, a Caffre chief, went the length of doing poetic honours on the occasion, his farewell ode being:—

"We have seen the Child of Heaven,

We have seen the Son of the Queen."

If this poet be elevated, as in the case of Richard Savage, to the office of Volunteer Laureate, it is to be hoped that his laurels will not be worn upon his brows. Perhaps they might be advantageously used elsewhere.

LORD INGESTRE'S LETTER.

There is a somewhat irreverent jest—attributed to a rev. gentleman whom Lord John Russell did not make a bishop—to the effect that there is an extra commandment: "Thou shalt not be found out." It is this very commandment, and no other, that Lord Ingestre has broken, in writing a confidential circular soliciting support for a weekly journal of Conservative principles. Hence the "Telegraph" takes occasion to abuse the "Press" and Lord Ingestre; and the "Standard" in turn abuses the "Telegraph." With political feuds it is not our business to interfere; but in justice to Lord Ingestre, it must be said that in seeking the extension of his own creed he is only doing what all conscientious people are doing every day. It surely shows nothing wrong in a cause to have its supporters anxious to promote it.

MUSIC AND THE MILLION.

Whilst our country men and women are running mad on music; when operas, concerts, Canterbury and Westons, are the only safe means of making immediate fortunes; whilst Albani will not open her lips under two thousand francs, and the great Mackeny drives a chariot and six to every extremity of London, on the same evening, to sing "The other side of Jordan;" and while English people pay for all, it is painful to see that English people are insulted by the purveyors of the best of those entertainments, the operas. Every morning the newspapers are infested with lists of the "fashionables"

who attended the performance of this or that at Her Majesty's Theatre. There is his Serene Highness Prince Saxe-Smalcoal, the Count Kichisown-whiskeroff, &c., &c., until we come to plain Mr. Somebody. The inference is, that the public go to see the "swells," and not to listen to the performance, and anything more degrading can scarcely be inferred. This kind of folly happily does not exist in other professions; although, unhappily, every folly is pardoned in drama or opera. Last Saturday morning, for instance, the weekly papers announced by advertisement that in consequence of the enthusiastic reception of M. Fechter and *Ruy Blas*, the performance would be given all the next week; and this in the face of the fact that M. Fechter and *Ruy Blas* did not appear until the evening of the day on which the announcement appeared. Can we imagine a second edition of a book being issued before anybody had read a line of the first edition? or can we imagine that anybody would read a book simply because Lord Tomnoddy had dozed over a page or two of it the night before?

LITERATURE IN THE PARKS.

The Hon. Mr. Cowper's task is an easy one, now the ground is hard, and all the rails have been taken up, placed elsewhere, and then replaced. Let him turn his attention to the literature on the notice boards in the parks. In Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park we read—"No dogs admitted, except led by a string;" a rule (by the way never attended to) couched in language which makes the cultivated of Kensington laugh. If the class of grammar is to be given according to the class of frequenters, the notice at the Victoria Park might be—"No dawgs, on'y noosed."

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S.

Excepting always the "Robin Hood" nights, we do not remember to have seen so large an audience assembled here during the present season, as that which was attracted on the Friday of last week, to witness the revival of the "Huguenots." What with an imperfect band and a faulty chorus, an unusual amount of responsibility devolves on Madlle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini, to whose exertions the present success of the opera is to be mainly attributed. Signor Gassier makes a very good *Marcel*, whilst Signor Briani, as *Count de Nevers*, is as poor and inefficient as can possibly be imagined. Madame Lemaire sustained the part of the *Page* on the whole creditably. In the third act the exciting duetto:—

"Tu mio sospir, tu l'amor mio,"

and *Valentine's* pathetic air,

"Che! Raoul, il mio dolor dunque,
Non può tocarti il core?"

enchained the audience, more than ever confirming them in the persuasion that in the tragic delineation of this character, Madlle Tietjens is inferior to none; even Signor Giuglini, usually so cold and unimpassioned, partakes of the dramatic energy inspired by acting with so intellectual an *artiste*, and the curtain falls upon the plaudits of the whole house.

COVENT GARDEN.

If we may judge from the crowded appearance of this house on the Thursday of last week, and the Wednesday of this, we should say that Meyerbeer's opera of "Dinorah" was as successful and as fresh as though it had been produced but a week since. On each occasion Miss Pyne's charming delivery of the Shadow song called forth an unanimous *encore*, and Mr. Chaple, who made his second appearance in the character of *Hoel* last week, was compelled to repeat the second verse of the beautiful romance in the third act, "Ah! now I feel the burden," though for our own part we can hardly say that either his acting or his singing are at present such as to entitle him to this honour. Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Chaple were all summoned before the curtain at the conclusion of the third act.

Balfe's pretty and vivacious opera, "The Rose of Castille" (a second performance of which is announced for this evening,) was revived at this house last Monday with the following cast:—*Elvira*, Miss Louisa Pyne; *Donna Carmen*, Miss Thirlwall;

Mamei, Mr. W. Harrison; *Don Florio*, Mr. H. Corri; the other parts were taken by Mr. C. Durand, Mr. St. Albyn, and Mr. Wallworth respectively. The overture, with its graceful and appropriate accompaniment of castanets, was rendered with great effect by the orchestra, to the entire satisfaction of the audience, and also, it would seem, to that of the composer himself, who was present on this occasion. Mr. Harrison personated the pseudo-muleteer with infinite vigour and animation, and was encased in the muleteer's song in the first act, "I am a simple muleteer." On the first representations of Meyerbeer's "*Dinorah*," the French critics made merry with his introduction of the goat's bell in the music, asserting that the illustrious maestro had at last discovered a new musical instrument; the same remark might be applied to the *obligato* whip accompaniment which characterises this song, but we confess we should be very unwilling to see it discarded, even though it may, to a certain extent, be open to criticism. Mr. Durand, to whom the rather uninteresting part of *Don Pedro*, the conspirator, was assigned, was encased in the ballad, in the second act, "Though fortune darkly o'er me frown." With a powerful baritone, rich and deep in quality, and steady in delivery, Mr. C. Durand is likely to be a great acquisition to the staff of this establishment. Mr. H. Corri is an admirable *Don Florio*, though not equal, in our opinion, to Mr. Honey's laughable impersonation of the same character. Either from nervousness or some other cause, Mr. Wallworth, as *Pablo*, was scarcely audible. The Queen's attendant, *Donna Carmen*, was well represented by Miss Thirlwall, both in the part of the rustic, in the first act, and that of the lady-in-waiting in the third act, where she was encased in the song which introduces it. The *obligato* clarinet part, brilliantly played by Mr. Lazarus, seems almost to raise that instrument to the dignity of the human voice, and suggests to our mind an idea of those performances, in which, more than half a century ago, Madame Dansi with her vocal organ, and M. Lebrun, upon his oboe, used to astonish all Europe; each contesting with the other the palm of superiority in the execution of the most rapid and difficult passages. Miss Pyne enacted the part of the Queen in this opera, as in that of the "*Crown Diamonds*," with all the dignity and grace supposed to be inseparable from that high office. Her resemblance, whether fancied or real, to our own beloved Sovereign, invests her impersonation of the royal character with a charm which never fails to have its due effect with the audience; hence her success in this part is always assured. Her vocalisation seems so fluent and so natural, that the great demand upon her vocal powers in the *scherzo* might pass almost unnoticed, were not some of the divisions ingeniously repeated on the oboe by the composer, and so brought into prominence. Miss Pyne received a well-merited *encore* in the ballad, "Of girlhood's happy days I dream," in the second act. The laughing *terzetto* in the same act, by Misses Pyne, Thirlwall, and Mr. W. Harrison, was capably sung and played by all three, and vociferously redemanded. Mr. Harrison's pointed application of the words, "Real gems like you are scarce in all countries," (words addressed in the drama by *Mamei* to *Elvira* in the first act) met with a cordial and hearty response from the audience, who gladly seized that opportunity of testifying their opinion of that lady's vocal powers.

Both the tenor ballad, "Could'st thou, dear maid, thy form array," and *Elvira's* song in the second act, "I'm but a simple peasant-maid," were omitted—most probably to leave sufficient time for the representation of the first act of the "*Trovatore*," which it has been the custom to produce at this house during the last fortnight, after the conclusion of the regular opera. The most severe of Signor Verdi's detractors could hardly have devised a more ingenious plan for showing up his deficiencies than by thus placing him in direct juxtaposition with other composers—with Meyerbeer, for instance, after whose elaborate harmonies and original instrumentation Verdi's unmeaning recitatives, noisy unison choruses, and general poverty of harmony, are rendered most painfully apparent. Unless it be for the purpose of finding employment for some members of the numerous company attached to this house, we cannot conceive any

adequate reason for this measure, and we are quite sure that both the audience and the performers would gladly dispense with this extra demand upon their attention. In music especially, if in no other branch of art, is the truth of old Hesiod's aphorism readily conspicuous—

"Τὸ πλῆθος ἤμῃσι παρέρχεται."

Mr. Edward Loder's name has of late years been so little before the public that to many of our musical dilettanti his beautiful opera of "*The Night Dancers*" will seem to be invested with all the charms of novelty. Produced originally at the Princess's Theatre, just fourteen years ago, under almost every possible disadvantage—with actors who could not sing, vocalists who could not act, and instrumentalists who could not play—it yet contrived through its intrinsic beauties, not merely to arrest the attention, but to extort the admiration of the public, and to keep possession of the stage during a most successful run of upwards of forty nights. As it is now about to be brought out at this house, in the course of the next week, with all the available resources of the establishment, including the magnificent decorations, a very powerful cast, a superb orchestra, and last, not least, the able superintendence of Mr. Alfred Mellon, it is not, perhaps, too much to anticipate for it another long run.

A slight sketch of the plot, and its musical adaptation by the composer, may not be out of place here, as it will give our readers a much clearer idea of the piece when they see it on the stage. According to an old Servian legend, the "*Night Dancers*" or "*Willis*" are supposed to be maiden brides, who have died before the wedding day; they are represented as unable, after death, to rest in their graves, from their insatiable love of dancing: according to another version, they exert all their charms to allure unwary mortals within the precincts of their fairy circle, and then consign them to destruction. The librettist has had recourse to both these ideas, which he has combined in history. The opera consists of two acts, preceded by an introductory piece, called an "Induction," in length about equal to another act. *Giselle*, the heroine of the piece, is represented as about to be married on the following morn to a young forester, *Albert*. After a short conversation with her cousin *Mary*, who soon after retires to rest, she hears the strains of distant music borne upon the waters. She listens, and recognises the voice of her lover. As the voices of *Albert* and of his crew die away, she falls down, overpowered by sleep, before the image of the Virgin, in her room, and dreams. In the two acts we have the events of her dream, as they appeared to her, dramatised. In the first place, the intended marriage between herself and *Albert* is deferred, owing to the sudden illness of the venerable priest who was to have performed the ceremony. During this interval, a party of noble strangers, consisting of the Duke, his daughter *Bertha*, and their suite, having lost their way in the forest, arrive on the spot; and it is discovered that *Albert*, who is no longer a forester, but, like Tennyson's *Lord Burleigh*, a noble in disguise, is betrothed to his cousin *Bertha*. On making this unhappy discovery, *Giselle*, in spite of *Albert's* reiterations and protestations of love, falls lifeless in his arms, and the intended marriage is now turned into a sad funeral procession, with all the solemn formalities attendant upon it. This concludes the first act. In the second act, *Albert*, accompanied by *Bertha*, whom he has always regarded in the light of a sister, visits the tomb of *Giselle*, who is now one of the "*night-dancers*." He there invokes the shade of his departed mistress, and after a tender and impassioned interview, declares his unalterable determination to abandon life, and die in her fatal embrace. At this juncture, when *Giselle* has uttered her last sad adieu, the hunter's horn is heard in the distance; she awakes from her deep sleep, finds, to her unutterable joy, that the whole is but a vision of her distempered imagination; that she has fallen asleep in her own chamber, before the image of the Virgin; that she is still *Giselle*, alive, and about to be a joyful bride, and no longer a "*night dancer*." The joyous abbey-bells break in upon her pious thanksgiving "*Ave, Maria!*" and the curtain falls upon the marriage of the now reunited lovers.

The following disposition of the *dramatis personæ*

in 1846 and in 1860 may interest some of our readers:—

PRINCESS'S THEATRE, OCT., 1846.			
<i>Giselle</i>	Madame Albertazzi.
<i>Mary</i>	Miss Smythson.
<i>Bertha</i>	Miss S. Flower.
<i>Duke</i>	Mr. Bodda.
<i>Fridolin</i>	Mr. Leffler.
<i>Albert</i>	Mr. Allen.
COVENT GARDEN, OCT., 1860.			
<i>Giselle</i>	Madame Palmieri.
<i>Mary</i>	Miss Thirlwall.
<i>Bertha</i>	Miss Thirlwall.
<i>Albert</i>	Mr. Haigh.
<i>Fridolin</i>	Mr. Corri.

The part of *Giselle* is one which make considerable demands upon the powers of the performer, dramatic as well as vocal; and we think no worthier representative could be found than Madame Palmieri, who to considerable vocal skill adds dramatic powers of a high order; indeed, a very favourable opportunity is here presented to an intelligent actress, for the part of *Giselle* has, notwithstanding its long run, still to be created. Madame Albertazzi, to whom this part was originally assigned, was not only vocally unfitted for it, inasmuch as she had only a mezzo-soprano voice, whilst a high soprano is absolutely indispensable for the music, but she was, in addition, in such a delicate state of health, that during the intervals when she was off the stage, she was compelled to have recourse to a respirator. The unfortunate accident by which Madame Albertazzi was near losing her life through fire on the first night of the performance, is too well known to need repetition here.

As far as our memory serves us, there are three pieces in the opera which deserve a special mention: one is the flowing and melodious "Flower duet" in the first act, where, by plucking away the leaves of a flower, one by one, to the words, "He loves me—loves me not," *Giselle* endeavours to ascertain the real state of her lover's feelings towards her, an innocent device familiarised to us through Goethe's "*Faust*," where the same method is resorted to for a similar purpose. The remaining two are the "requiem" chanted by *Albert* and *Bertha* over the grave of *Giselle*; and the "*Ave, Maria!*" in the finale of the second act, where *Giselle* returns her pious thanks to the Virgin. Each of these beautiful melodies will, we expect, be great favourites.

Mr. Loder is still in the prime of life; but an excessive addiction to study, which in Mendelssohn's case proved fatal, resulted in the present instance in a temporary mental derangement, which has necessitated a life of perfect seclusion during the last two years. The public will, however, be glad to learn that Mr. Loder has so far recovered as to be able to attend the rehearsals and superintend all matters in connection with the revival of this opera; and among the hundreds who will flock to see it, probably none will derive greater pleasure from its performance than the gifted composer himself.

EXETER HALL.

The first series of the People's Philharmonic Concerts has terminated, and the second will be resumed on Monday, November 5. Two performances of the "*Messiah*," one of Mozart's "*Twelfth Mass*," besides half-a-dozen miscellaneous concerts, in which the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Rossini had their special place in the programmes, show well for the energy and catholic taste of the conductor and originator of these concerts, Dr. James Pech. In the next series we are promised the "*Elijah*," Beethoven's "*Fidelio*," and Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*." Dr. Pech will find that he has a rather formidable rival in the Monday Popular Concerts, which seem to have taken a firm hold on the mind of the public. Dr. Pech's scheme, however, is still more broad and extensive in purpose than these entertainments, and should therefore meet with a proportionate degree of success at the hands of those for whose benefit this series is projected.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

In accordance with the fashion set of late years by certain eminent Italian singers, Madame Novello is about to take another farewell of the English public at the above-named music hall, on Wednesday, November 21. On this occasion Mr. Benedict's lyrical drama "*Undine*" will be performed, for the first time to a London audience, Madame Novello sustaining the principal soprano part.

We are happy to see that the Monday Popular Concerts are announced to commence on Monday, November 12. The design of these concerts is so excellent, affording to all classes the opportunity of hearing some of the choicest stringed compositions of the great masters, that we heartily wish them all success. Not the least important aid to the diffusion of musical knowledge is to be found in the "Analytical Programmes," which contain a great amount of information bearing upon the art, and are, from the low price at which they are sold, within the reach of all.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Since the appointment of Mr. Bowley to the general management of this colossal palace of amusement and instruction, the public have had no reason to complain of any lack of variety in the entertainments. Concerts, balloon-ascent, flower-shows, horse-taming exhibitions, all are presented in rapid succession. During the last month there have been three Italian concerts, in which the principal vocal parts have been sustained by our leading artists, Madlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, and one of more moderate pretensions, consisting of vocal music performed by the members of the Vocal Association, under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict. Under the same able guidance, the winter series of concerts, usually given here, will be commenced this (Saturday) afternoon. Beethoven's Second Symphony in D will form the chief orchestral work; whilst the principal vocal pieces will be selected from Macfarren's new and highly successful opera of "Robin Hood." An overture, by the celebrated Russian composer, Glinka, will also be performed, for the first time in this country.

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM.

According to announcement, the "School for Scandal" was produced on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. The only notable point about its representation was Mr. George Vining's *Sir Peter Teazle*. Those who saw him at St. James's, in the character of *Charles Surface* would scarcely suppose him capable of undertaking a part so entirely different as that of *Charles Surface's* uncle. This new impersonation, however, was not less successful than his old one. On Wednesday evening the "School for Scandal" was replaced by the "Love Chase," in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Villiers. On Thursday we were gratified by another of the old-fashioned comedies in the shape of Colman's "Jealous Wife," with Miss Gougenheim as *Mrs. Oakley*, Mr. George Vining as her unfortunate spouse, Miss Maria Terman as *Harriet Russet*, Mr. J. Rouse as *Sir Harry Beagle*, and Mr. Neville as *Lord Trinket*. The cast was very successful, and though at first the piece hung rather heavily, it was rather owing to its own construction than to the acting, and the admirable style in which Miss Gougenheim and Mr. George Vining went through the scene at the end of the third act (the original five acts, by the way, being condensed into three) brought the curtain down amidst unanimous applause. Let us once more remind Miss Gougenheim that she very much deteriorates the pleasure caused by her sparkling and vigorous acting, by her excessive boisterousness.

STRAND.

A most attractive little drama, entitled "The Post-boy," from the pen of Mr. H. T. Craven, was presented, for the first time, on Wednesday last. The materials of the plot are somewhat slight, but the whole is so artistically worked out, and the characters so admirably sustained, that there can be no two opinions as to the success of the piece. The principal character is *Joe Spurrit*, the Post-boy (Mr. J. Rogers), whose granddaughter, *Maria* (Miss M. Oliver), has contracted a clandestine marriage with *Mr. Henry Bingley* (Mr. Purcell), son of *Sir John Bingley* (Mr. J. Bland), the type of the stern, autocratic father, so popular with the playwrights of bygone days. The young couple live in seclusion at Norwood, and the frequent but necessary absence of the gentleman, coupled with other suspicious circumstances, gives rise to a doubt as to whether the lady has any legal claim to the title of Mrs. Bingley.

Sir John succeeds in discovering their whereabouts and, taking this view of the matter, insists on an immediate separation. This is effected, and poor old *Joe* is almost heartbroken at the disgrace of his granddaughter, who, it should be mentioned, is bound by an oath not to divulge the secret of her marriage until the death of her father-in-law. In the second act we meet with her in the character of a professional vocalist, who has achieved a decided success. Here she makes the acquaintance of a *Miss Wharton* (Miss Burton), a young lady of fortune, who has been selected by *Sir John* as his future daughter-in-law. *Miss Wharton* discovers the true position of *Maria*, and on receiving intelligence of the baronet's death, does everything in her power to reconcile the estranged couple. The telegraph has, however, confounded *Sir John's* departure from Paris with his departure from this world, and he accordingly reappears on the stage to relent, and to mete out strict poetical justice to the now happy pair. The whole success of the piece turns upon the admirable impersonations of the Post-boy and his charming grand-daughter, by Mr. Rogers and Miss Oliver. Mr. Turner was also very effective in the character of *Fubbs*, the supercilious flunkey. The curtain fell amid most tumultuous applause, and the characters were again and again re-demanded.

PRINCESS'S.

This theatre was re-opened on Saturday evening last for the winter season. The great attraction is M. Fechter, the well-known actor, from the Vaudeville at Paris. The piece selected for his debut in England is an adaptation or translation of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas." We shall have something to say both of the actor and the piece on a future occasion. Meanwhile, it is sufficient to record M. Fechter's decided success.

SCIENCE.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON., Nov. 5.—General Monthly Meeting of the Royal Institution, at 2 o'clock.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 o'clock.

WED., Nov. 7.—Royal Society of Literature, 4½ o'clock.
Geological Society of London, at Burlington House, 8 o'clock.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the first meeting of this society for the ensuing season, to be held on Wednesday evening next, the following papers will be read:—1. On the denudation of Soft Strata. By the Rev. O. Fisher, M.A., F.G.S. 2. On an undescribed Fossil Fern from the lower coal-measures of Nova Scotia. By Dr. Dawson, F.G.S. 3. On the Sections of Strata exposed in the excavations for the south high-level sewer at Peckham and Dulwich; with a notice of the Fossils found there. By C. Rickman, Esq.

TEMPLE GARDENS.—The chrysanthemums are daily progressing towards their greatest perfection; one named *Cassandra*, a flower of marvellous beauty, wins the admiration of all. Visitors are respectfully solicited not to omit an inspection of the pompones, a dwarf variety (bearing a minute blossom) of this charming autumn flower in the large circular beds of the Middle Temple Garden, near Essex Street. The exhibition is free, without the trouble of obtaining tickets or orders, and is open daily from nine till dusk.

FIRE WORSHIP.—WHAT IT IS.—A work treating of this very recondite subject is in the press, and will immediately appear. It is entitled "Curious Things of the Outside World;" is in two volumes; and is the production of Mr. Hargrave Jennings, author of the "Indian Religions; or, Results of the Mysterious Buddhism," &c.

Mr. James Blackwood has the following works in preparation:—"The History of a Pilgrim, with some Account of the Shrine to which he Journeyed." "Annie: a Romance of Indian Life." "The Christmas Tree for 1861, or Book of Instruction and Amusement for all Young People."

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

On Wednesday evening last Dr. Dresser delivered the introductory lecture in connection with the botanical department of this institution.

The first proposition advanced was, that knowledge is necessary in order to the right understanding or conception of an object, and is therefore indispensable to the artist, if a correct method of delineating is desired.

When an object is presented to the eye, a conception of it is formed in the mind, which conceived idea varies in accordance with the knowledge of the beholder; and from the delineation of the object given by the spectator, his knowledge of the subject can be discovered to a very great extent, as the representation manifests the idea which has been conceived of the object.

In verification of this position, reference was made to certain parts of plants. It was advanced that if a person who is totally unacquainted with botanical science views a branch of the apple-tree, the pear-tree, or the rose, he will probably pronounce the leaves to proceed from the stem in a casual manner, that is, upon a plan in which no principle of order is discoverable; but that if a twig of the lilac or horse-chestnut be chosen, the leaves will be seen to grow in pairs—the leaves of each pair passing in opposite or contrary directions. A methodical law will be obvious in the leaves of a little common plant, generally known under the name of the goose-grass (the grass which geese eat), or, to country children, whip-tongue, as when drawn across the tongue, it "whips the skin off," owing to the roughness of the stems and leaves. In this plant the orderly arrangement of the leaves is obvious, as they are disposed in rings, each ring consisting of four, five, or more leaves.

If we now refer to the leaf arrangement of such a plant as the sugar-cane, we discover that the successive leaves are situated alternately at both sides of the stem—that is, the leaves are in two rows, the rows being situated at opposite sides of the stem, and the leaves are not opposite each other; but we have first a leaf at one side, higher up we have a leaf at the other, higher up still we have a leaf at the other, and so on: but this is not all, for it must be particularly noticed that a spiral thread wound around the stem could touch the base of every leaf in such a manner that the successively higher leaves should not only fall upon the spiral thread, but should also be removed from each other by half the circumference of the stem.

This mode of leaf arrangement has been represented by the fraction $\frac{1}{2}$: the numerator (1) giving the number of revolutions (here one) made by the spiral thread before reaching a leaf which is over the one with which we started; the denominator (2) giving the number of leaves encountered before a leaf is met with situated over the one with which we started; the whole fraction indicating the distance of the successive leaves from each other in parts of the circumference of the stem (here one-half).

Another mode of leaf arrangement equally worthy of notice, is represented by the fraction $\frac{1}{3}$, in which the leaves are also disposed in a spiral manner—the difference between this arrangement and the last consisting in the fact that in the latter case the leaves are in three rows, and not in two, as in the former instance; and the successive leaves are removed from one another by one-third of the circumference of the stem, and not by half the circumference, as in the sugar-cane.

In the one-third arrangement the spiral thread makes one revolution (the numerator) before it encounters a leaf situated over the first, and in the one revolution three (the denominator) leaves are encountered.

An extremely common mode of leaf arrangement is represented by the fraction $\frac{2}{5}$, where the spiral thread makes two revolutions (the numerator) before it reaches a leaf situated over the first, and in which five leaves (the denominator) are encountered while making the two revolutions, the successive leaves being, necessarily, two-fifths of the circumference of the stem from each other. This arrange-

ment is met with in the apple, pear, plum, cherry, currant, and rose; and is of frequent occurrence.

To indicate the arrangements of leaves which commonly occur without remarking upon them, we may note the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{4}{5}$, $\frac{5}{6}$, $\frac{6}{7}$, $\frac{7}{8}$.

Observation of these fractions, which represent the common forms of leaf arrangement, shows that they bear singular relations to each other; thus, by adding the numerators of the two preceding fractions together, the numerator of any fraction is obtained—thus the “one” of the half fraction added to the “one” of the one-third fraction gives two, the number of the next fraction—the two-fifth fraction. This is also the case with the denominators, for if the “three” of the one-third fraction be added to the “five” of the two-fifth fraction, the result will be eight, which is the denominator of the next fraction.

It should also be observed that three is the denominator of the one-third fraction and the numerator of the three-eighth fraction; that five is the denominator of the two-fifth fraction and the numerator of the five-thirteenth fraction; and so on with the other numbers.

These fractions are invested with a peculiar interest when we find that they pervade other departments of nature as well as the floral kingdom.

If we deal with planets instead of plants, we find that the number of days in the years of the planets are as follows—however, the statements are here made in round numbers:—

Neptune	62,000 days.
Uranus	31,000 ..
Saturn	10,000 ..
Jupiter	4,230 ..
Asterodia	1,600 ..
Mars	680 ..
Earth	365 ..

It will be seen that the year of Uranus is one-half the length of that of Neptune; that the year of Saturn is one-third the length of that of Uranus (owing to the absence of fractions, this does not come exactly right); that the year of Jupiter is two-fifths that of Saturn, and so on; and thus we again have the same fractional series.

In the animal kingdom we find a curious play upon numbers; if a horned animal has an even number of toes, it has two horns; if an odd number, it has only one. And there are like plays upon numbers in almost every department of nature, the consideration of which led some of the ancients to believe that creation was nothing but a play upon numbers.

These considerations, we think, are sufficient to establish the fact that a law of order exists in creation which the artist cannot reasonably hope to discover in the time at his disposal, which law is of the utmost importance to those who would truthfully delineate plants, or learn the principles upon which nature constructs her manifold and multiform structures.

The next proposition made was that the principles manifested in the growth of plants are coincident with the laws of ornamentation. The three great principles in the vegetable kingdom appear to be order, symmetry, and repetition; and in connection with the plan of order manifested in the floral world, many points of interest were noticed.

The principle of repetition was worked out by the phytion theory, and it was shown that any branch or portion of a plant consists simply of parts which are similar. Thus, we may take a stem, the leaves of which are arranged upon that spiral principle which is indicated by the fraction $\frac{1}{2}$, and cut the stem through between every leaf, where it will be found that we have simply divided the stem into similar parts.

In like manner all stems can be shown to consist of like parts, and, indeed, growth only multiplies members, or produces parts similar to those which already exist.

It was also urged that a harmony exists between the form of the plant and the circumstances with which it is surrounded, which statement was verified by several interesting illustrations.

We understand that the botanical class in connection with this school is open to all ladies who may desire to join it, and that the admission to it is independent of that to the other portions of the school; also, that the fee for the session of five months is 10s. 6d. for a two hours' lesson per week.

We are happy to see that the class is thus placed within the reach of most.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

OXFORD, NOV. 1.

THE statute empowering the vice-chancellor, with the consent of the delegates of accounts, to invest university moneys in securities at his own discretion, was rejected, though by a narrow majority.

The delegates of accounts are certain official personages, a large gathering of heads of houses, and a few elected members. The last element in the aggregate is composed, on the whole, of what are here called “men of business,” a descriptive phrase of about the same significance as the social one of a thoroughly good-natured fellow.

When one comes to realise what probably would have taken place if the statute had passed and been accepted as university law, academics should have some interest in the result. No doubt the university would have made advances to the colleges. Colleges are obliged to live from hand to mouth, so to speak; and are not, therefore, improving landlords. The university balances are large, and might, no doubt, be made beneficially available to those corporations. One wishes they could be. But in this case, on the rule that Caesar's wife should escape suspicion, it would be well that there should be nobody in the list of delegates who is interested in the distribution of university funds.

The election at Magdalene College for demies has terminated in the college not filling up the vacancy which their new statutes require should be made for candidates in the domain of physical science, by which must be understood chemistry, mechanics, and physiology. That the demysip should not be filled up, is, under the circumstances, rational and judicious. These subjects are not taught in schools, or taught in the most superficial way, and modern school education must be considerably altered before they will be effectively taught at all. But the college would seriously compromise its reputation, if it suffered incompetent persons to be elected, because there was a vacancy, and it has done wisely to decline those whom it judges inferior to its mark.

Putting aside the question whether physical science forms any part of what people understand by education, though a vast deal may be said on the negative aspect of the question, and the confusion between the usefulness of knowledge and its bearing upon habits and thought and character, it may be well doubted whether the advocates of physical philosophy in Oxford, have taken the best steps for the interests of their favourite sciences. A compulsory election to a scholarship, and that scholarship one of considerable value, will not necessarily bring about, in the person of its possessor, a disposition to increase the stock of knowledge which he already has. I am confident in my prediction that very few of those who are elected to scholarships on these subjects will distinguish themselves in the final examination.

On the other hand, exhibitions extending over a period of three or four years, and commencing from the time in which undergraduates have passed their first public examination, would be of great service to those who wish to give their attention distinctively to the study of natural philosophy. These exhibitions should be of considerable value—say £120 a-year—and evidence should be required from the college at which the exhibitor resides that he is making good use of the advantages afforded him, and will not frustrate the intention of the endowment. Something like this plan is adopted in the reconstitution of Radcliffe's travelling fellowships, where the emoluments of the possessors are amply sufficient to supply funds for a careful study of medicine, while the conditions of tenure compel, as far as such conditions can compel, the right application of the benefaction.

These conditions should be interpreted rigidly, and enforced with severity. Under the old foundation Radcliffe's fellows generally, it is true, became physicians, and were faithful to the expressed and

implied intentions of the founder. But there was a marked exception within the memory of many Oxford men. One of Radcliffe's fellows died high in office in the diplomatic world. The old fellowship was tenable for ten years, and was not, by the way, vacated by marriage. Of these ten years five must be spent abroad, and the holder of the fellowship was obliged to graduate in medicine. The diplomatist to whom I refer went to Vienna, remained there his ten years as an *attaché*, or what not; did, it is true, graduate as M.B.; but never practised, and never knew physic at all, one may conclude.

Again, the law scholarships on Mr. Viner's foundation were frequently held by persons who never studied law, but went into orders. These anomalies are altered now, at least as far altered as rules can alter anomalies.

Physical science, however, will gain most if college examinations for fellowships are directed in fair proportion towards testing proficiency in these subjects. Of course colleges have the power to elect fellows for any kind of knowledge they please. They may, for instance, base the whole of their election on a candidate's knowledge of Divinity, and I have heard that lately a gentleman was elected to a fellowship on this ground entirely. Whether they will show favour to physical science or not, I cannot predict; whether they should have been called upon to show the programme of their examination, as far as its leading features go, or not, is a question which might be reasonably answered in the affirmative; but that physical science will not flourish here, unless some solid rewards are allotted to its proficients, is, I conclude, a fact which admits no denial.

However, it will come in time that the electors to college fellowships must learn with greater and greater distinctness that they are not patrons, but trustees, and that the Oxford Reform Act will fail of its most characteristic provisions, if there be not some marked definitiveness in the distribution of academical emoluments. The fact that the act is so recent will not justify men in imagining that the legislature will leave them alone, to mar the intentions of that change in the foundations, which proposed a thorough re-constitution of these endowments, and that on the general principle of making them available in the widest sense to those who had reached marked proficiency in any good subject of human knowledge. There is no delusion so common, and none so mischievous, as the sleepy belief in a final change.

Physical science leads me naturally to the New Museum—that costly toy. The area is being filled up. The north side of this part of the building is already occupied by anatomical preparations; beautiful to the expert, ghastly to the casual visitor. Bottles with horrid shapes in spirits are ranged, as thick as autumn leaves just now, in high oak cases. Models of mechanism are getting fixed on the south side. Two large rooms are assigned to Mr. Hope's glorious collection of butterflies, which, by the way, would be a far pleasanter object of contemplation in the area, than rows of bottled viscera. The colours of some of the butterflies which Mr. Hope has lately purchased for his collection are more beautiful than one can conceive, much less describe. Imagine, however, a box full of specimens, which, seen from one angle, are the richest brown, such a brown as a Quakeress would choose with a subdued rapture, and from another, an azure of the most dazzling brightness and smoothness. It may be a vulgar boast, but here it is a true one, that no collection in the world equals that of Mr. Hope's entomological series. This gentleman has crowned his munificence by endowing a professorship of entomology, an office soon to be filled, one may presume, by Mr. Westwood, the most learned of entomologists, the most kindly of curators, and not the least able of antiquaries.

Back to the Museum. In five years it will be full to bursting. You know how rapidly objects in natural science accumulate—how they must be placed conspicuously—what room they take—and how cumbersome they are. A supplementary museum will become a physical necessity in no time.

They are carving the marble-arch in the doorway. It is in low relief, and I fancy even Mr.

Ruskin will say it is mean and hideous. Plates of oranges, with leaves between, and shabby angels at the three ends, is about the description. I dare say it is suggestive and analogical; but the suggestion is, I submit, obvious, and the analogy remote.

We are a little startled in Oxford by the "Times" rushing into the arena of the candidates for the Boden Sanskrit professorship, and unmistakably telling the electors for whom they needs must vote. It may be the case that they are right in their encomiums on one of the learned pundits, but there is an exceeding jealousy among our electors at being dictated to by a journal, even so powerful, influential, or what not, as the "Times" is. Literary criticism, too, is not considered to be the forte of the "Times," and personal interest is understood to occupy in that journal the place of fair judgment when the subject is not one of imperial significance. At least, so say the narrow-minded thinkers of Oxford. I have already heard the question asked as to whether or no the favourite of the "Times" is connected with any of its notable contributors.

Anyhow, there are some things which political newspapers advocating always the largest public interests should not meddle with, and there is none which they should avoid, if they are to be just, more steadily than that of affecting to determine for others what the jury has to determine for itself—namely, the relative merits of two competent candidates. After all, the world will hold its own whether we choose the student of Vedic lore or the expert in modern Hindoo literature. No great matters are compromised in the election of either person. We look to the "Times" for other matters, not for advocacy of the merits of rival literary claims. A leading article on Shakespere or Milton would be out of place in the columns of that journal. If one can make any fence in the demesne of periodical literature, it is that which separates politics from letters. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. At any rate, it is not wise to affect a universal potentiality. We read the politics of reviews, if we do read them, with a question as to their propriety. I generally find that the "Quarterly" and "Edinburgh" articles on politics are uncut in the copy which the great censor Mudie forwards me for my annual guinea. Would it not be well for that gentleman to communicate to the editors of those time-honoured periodicals, that they might leave out the later pages of the trimetrical critic?

CAMBRIDGE.

EIGHT members of the council of the senate have fulfilled their period of service, and will vacate their seats in that body on Wednesday, the 7th of Nov. They are the Masters of Trinity and Jesus, Professors Selwyn and Browne; and Dr. Bateson, Dr. Paget, Mr. Martin (Trinity), and Archdeacon France. Retiring members are eligible for re-election; but there is a peculiarity in the present case which may not occur again. The elected members of the council are four heads, four professors, and eight other members of the senate, half of whom go out every other year. Now Dr. Bateson was elected four years ago, when he was fellow and bursar of St. John's, as one of the eight members of the senate; but in 1857 he succeeded Dr. Tatham as master of St. John's. I suppose, therefore, that if he go back to the council it must be as one of the four elected heads. The election will take place on the same day as the seats are vacated, namely, Wednesday, Nov. 7, and not, as originally fixed, Thursday, the 8th of November. One never knows exactly who aspires to the office, as there is no putting out of addresses, or asking for votes in a public manner; but of course there is a good deal of quiet work going on at these times, and not a little intrigue, the effect of which may possibly develop itself at the voting in a rather unexpected way. The first council had a great deal of very important work to do. The reconstruction of the university was in a manner committed to it, and the composition of it was therefore a matter of serious moment. There was, as might have been expected, a good deal of excitement and party feeling, and I remember more than one manifestation of warmth.

Upon the whole, however, the council pretty fairly reflected the prevailing sentiments of the university, and did its work, certainly not to the satisfaction of all, but without any particularly marked offence. There is less eagerness upon the subject now, and the election next week will probably be conducted in a very tame manner. I hear that Professor Selwyn is desirous that he should not be re-elected; and Mr. Martin, of Trinity, has expressed a similar desire.

Professor Sedgwick was elected Woodwardian Professor of Geology in 1818. Forty-two years is a large portion in any man's life; yet for forty-two years Professor Sedgwick has been amusing, as well as teaching, a class of students in geology. He is not, however, the oldest of our professors. Professor Cumming was appointed in 1815, and Professor Clark in 1817. On Friday, last week, the professor had a large audience of ladies and gentlemen—the ladies always go to hear him—at his introductory lecture. He gave them a little history of the Woodwardian Professorship since its foundation in 1727, and of the changes which the science had undergone in that long interval. Upon the sanitary benefits of a pursuit of geology he dwelt at some length, and explained that it had been to him a sanitary blessing, and that he had been induced to seek the professorship, in the first instance, upon the ground of health, and to sacrifice the certainty of a tutorship at Trinity for that end. But I am not going to give a report of his lecture. My chief reason for alluding to it is that I may state that he announced his intention of making an assault upon what he called Darwin's dream about the origin of species. It may be remembered that he has already had something to say upon this subject, in an address delivered before the Philosophical Society last Easter term; and, if I may judge from his manner on Friday, I should say that further consideration has only increased his distaste for the revived heresy which has so agitated the scientific world of late. It seems also, that his friend Agassiz is as much of an anti-Darwinite as himself, for he spoke of a letter received from that eminent naturalist, who expressed opinions entirely in accordance with those enunciated before the Philosophical Society here.

I mentioned a fortnight ago that it is proposed to erect a memorial of the late Archdeacon Hardwick. A far more distinguished son of this university was the late Dean Peacock. He was second to his friend Sir John Herschel, in 1813, and occupied a prominent position here until he was removed to the deanery of Ely. What he did there is known to every visitor to that magnificent cathedral, now one of the most glorious ecclesiastical edifices in the whole kingdom. That it is so, is owing to the persevering zeal and good taste of its late accomplished dean, and it is fitting that some enduring acknowledgment of his labour should be made. A project to carry out something of this kind was started long ago, and a sum of between £3,000 and £4,000 (including £1,000 by the present dean and chapter) was subscribed. I understand that although this sum is insufficient, the work will be immediately commenced. The restoration of the lantern of Ely Cathedral is the form of memorial which has been decided upon, and the design includes a lofty spire rising from the level of the present roof. This latter part of the design, however, for the present, remains in abeyance, and the work in hand is confined to the lower part of the design. Dean Peacock was a man whose fame was not confined to this district; and I should suppose that there are men in far distant localities who would be glad to show their appreciation of his character by subscribing to this memorial.

The Public Library here is not by any means the best managed institution in the world. I only state the fact, without speculating upon the cause. Whether all the books to which the library has a claim ever reach Cambridge, I cannot say, but I do know that by no means all the books ever get to the shelves; and those that do get there are usually about to be discarded by your friend Mudie, before we have a chance of seeing them. If one quarter of the care which is given to the supply of French and German works, which are put upon the shelves only to be covered with dust, were given to prompt action in the case of English publications, one

cause of complaint would be done away with. Then, again, there is the vexatious question of the catalogues—these bulky manuscript volumes are becoming a nuisance, and he would be a public benefactor who should suggest some method of reducing them to manageable dimensions. A grace was passed last week for appointing a syndicate to consider how more ample accommodation for books can be afforded. I wish the scope of its duties had been enlarged, so as to take in the matters I have adverted to.

I was not fortunate enough to hear the Hulsean lecturer at St. Mary's last Sunday; but I am told that he preached against a pharisaical observance of the Sabbath; and in the course of his discourse he attacked a practice which I was not aware of as existing in this university—that of playing cards on Sundays.

Your readers have been prepared to hear that the Rev. C. J. Ellicott, of St. John's College, has been elected the first Hulsean Professor of Divinity, under the new statute upon the subject of Mr. Hulse's benefaction. The election took place on Tuesday morning, at Magdalen Lodge. It entirely falls in with public expectation.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.—Can it be true that we are really back in those times when the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, were represented in old engravings as embracing each other, and vowing eternal fidelity to the sublime principle that the nations of the earth were created for the use of kings? Even so far back as the year 1815, either the free air of England or the prudence of Lord Castlereagh had sufficient force to prevent the Prince Regent from joining such an alliance as this. On the continent of Europe, Prince Metternich and Madame Krüdener, and the Prussian diplomatists, and the statesmen of the Restoration in Paris, were allowed to have things their own way, and for fifteen long years the heavings of the great earthquake were checked. The constitutions promised to the German nations were withheld, and in their place the Diet at Frankfort—that last expression of German pedantry and ever-meddling tyranny—was established as an actual institution. The Russian Emperor carried out in practice his dream of universal freedom by riveting the last links of the chains on the unfortunate Poles. Francis of Austria, acting no doubt under the advice of Metternich, deprived the states of his various provinces of the last remains of self-government, and constituted himself the sole and irresponsible inquisitor and regulator of his empire. Recent events in Hungary, and in Lombardy more particularly, are the best illustrations of the value of this system of blind and elaborate tyranny. France was thrown back into the hands of the religious congregations, and that statesman best pleased his royal master who contrived to defraud the French nation of some portion of the liberty which had been promised to them upon the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte and the restoration of the old traditional dynasty. Old Marshal Soult might have been seen in those days walking in a religious procession, with a huge wax-taper in his hand, and all but intoning those set forms of French adjuration, which are more in harmony with the energy of camps than with the solemnities of the church. Louis XVIII. was wheeled about from his chamber to his carriage in a chair of marvellous construction, and quoted scraps of Horace, now at his brother, and now at his people. The most French thing in those times was the immortal song of Béranger, who contrived that his countrymen should forget the edge, and remember only the glitter, of the imperial sword. After all, expedition for expedition—one of Napoleon's little *promenades militaires* to Berlin or Vienna, was at least more flattering to the French love of glory than the wretched saunter from the Bidassoa to Cadiz. Battle for battle, Austerlitz or Jena, was well worth the day of the Trocadero. However, thus it was that kings and princes went on in those Lethæan times, which passed away, in all appearance, so calmly between the last struggle at Waterloo, and the three days of Barricades, when the old Epicurean philosopher of Hartwell had passed away, and a king equally despotic at heart, but a far less shrewd observer of the times, blundered in his stead.—Once a Week.

THE PIANOFORTE IN ENGLAND.

THE Pianoforte appears to have been first known in his country about the year 1767. It was then introduced on the stage at Covent Garden theatre, as "a new instrument." An old play-bill, in the possession of Messrs. Broadwood, bearing date the 16th of May, 1767, setting forth the performance of "The Beggar's Opera," contains the following notification:—"End of Act I, Miss Brickler will sing a favourite song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin, on a new instrument, called Pianoforte."

Backers, a German, is supposed to have been the first who manufactured the pianoforte to any considerable extent in England, and the name-board of a piano inscribed "Americus Backers, Factor et Inventor, Jermyn Street, London, 1776," is still in existence. The manufacture was early taken up by Tschudi, Stodart, Kirkman, Zumpf, and others, and such was the rapidity of its progress, that within the short space of ten or fifteen years, the harpsichord ceased entirely to be made. A suitable style of music and school of players were not long wanting. Muzio Clementi founded both.

We come now to a new era in the history of the piano. John Broadwood, born in Scotland in 1731, when about twenty years of age, reached London in search of employment; and, entering the firm of Tschudi, the eminent harpsichord makers, became his son-in-law, partner, and successor. The earliest notice of the square form on his books is dated 1771; the earliest of the grand, 1781. This ingenious artist died in 1812, aged 81, and was succeeded by his son, James Tschudi Broadwood.

Robert Stodart, fellow-workman of John Broadwood, succeeded Americus Backers, and founded the firm of Stodart. The Patent Office books, under the date Nov. 21, 1777, contain the entry of a grant to him, "for his new invented sort of instrument, or of grand forte piano, with an octave swell, and to produce various fine tones, together or separate, at the option of the performer."

The pianoforte appears generally in three forms—grand, square, and upright; in the two former the strings being horizontal; in the latter vertical. The form of the grand—that of the harpsichord—is naturally suggested by the graduated length of the strings. It has three strings to each note, admits of the best kind of mechanism for the "action," and is the most advantageous in many points of view. To save expense and economise space, many modifications have been adopted: thus the bi-chord and semi-grand have but two strings, and the boudoir or cottage-grands have shorter strings, and take up still less room. The oblong rectangle, commonly called the square, being the form of the German clavichord, was probably the first shape the piano assumed. It remained, however, an inferior class of instrument till the adaptation to it of the improved action of the grand, which has now distinguished it by the name of grand-square; and, as thus improved, it is perhaps the best substitute for the grand. The form, however, is objectionable on mechanical grounds: it is difficult to strengthen in the framing, and the oblique position of the action, with respect both to strings and keyboard, is unfavourable on many accounts to its perfection.

The upright form, so desirable for small rooms, and so superior as regards symmetry, has had several mutations in its history. The upright grand was its first phase; being no less than a grand set on end, and raised on legs 2 or 3 feet above the ground, the strings being struck at the lower end.

The cabinet soon supplanted this unwieldy instrument: a compact form, wherein the frame was brought down to the ground, the blow being given in front and at the upper end of the strings, through the medium of levers and long vertical rods from the key to the hammer. It was introduced at the early part of this century, and its elegance occasioned it a great demand. Its principal objection, however, was its height, about 6 feet, and length of action, which much deteriorated its delicacy and touch. As a remedy to these defects, a shorter and still more elegant variety was invented, introduced, about

1812, as the harmonic, but now called the cottage, varying from 4 to 5 feet in height; and, in 1827, the piccolo, standing only 3 feet 6 inches from the ground, which has served as a model for many others of the same size under different names.

In uprights the strings are struck against their rests, which is generally considered the most favourable direction for the blow, and much simplifies the framing. Attempts have been to apply this method to grands and squares, but it is not yet generally used.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, October 31.

THE great pre-occupation here is Austria, for the moment. The Emperor Louis Napoleon is, of course, anything but pleased at the liberal measures taken by Francis Joseph; and it will perhaps be forced upon him, whether he like it or not, to give some semblance of liberty in France. The impression produced at first, here, has been that of astonishment. These people are mentally rubbing their eyes at what has been done, and asking themselves how it comes that they are the very last upon the path of freedom, when they were the first to overthrow every barrier that religion, custom, society, and morals had imposed on man? They are still unable to understand that licence and liberty are not one and the same thing, and if you were to attempt expounding that precisely where the one reigns the other disappears, they would suppose you were either insane or "full of English prejudices," which comes pretty much to the same thing. However, they cannot make up their minds to Austria being a constitutional country, which she undoubtedly soon will be; and there is something very amusing in the way in which they go about speculating on the difficulties that will stand in the road of the Viennese reformers. Difficulties there are, no doubt, but they do not lie where the French imagine them to be. The idea that at once strikes these over-governed French people is, that there is not "government enough" in Austria: they are on the look-out for more "organisation," more "administration," more "centralisation," and the one circumstance from which all good to Austria will flow, necessarily—the strong power of self-government, namely—deriving from her much developed local life, is the very one which seems to the French to plunge her inevitably into confusion.

What they cannot understand is, that for representative governments to exist there must be classes (i.e., forces) to be represented. Of these Austria is full, whilst in France they are less in number every day. Besides, the one country is full of public spirit, whereas in the other there is every day, to use M. Guizot's words, "more servility even than despotism."

Here is a slight proof of what personal dignity has fallen to in this country:—A few weeks ago a stout elderly gentleman got into a railway carriage to go to St. Germain; four officers in uniform were already seated. They were smoking. The elderly gentleman found a corner empty, and took it. Not liking the smoke, he lowered the window next him. The officer opposite drew it up! A few minutes elapsed; the *civilian* let down the window a second time; a second time the amiable son of Mars drew it up. "Don't like the smoke, eh?" said another of these worthies in a jeering tone; "well, you run some risk of being *smoked* here like a ham!" The elderly gentleman looked at them steadily, and then, doubling his fist, took a deliberate aim at the window glass, and shattered it. The four officers were aflame. "Monsieur," blustered the former spokesman, "it is a duel you seek; here is my card!"—"And mine!"—"And mine!"—"And mine!"—burst from the other three. "Volontiers," was the reply of the stout party in the corner; and, taking

out his own card in turn—"and here is mine!" The four smokers bent forward to read their adversary's name. Oh! horror and consternation! it was M. Delangle, Minister of Justice! All the bluster was gone, all the swagger had deserted the "heroes;" and they were noisily eager in tendering their excuses, and the burthen of all was—"If we could have known!" "If we could have guessed!" M. Delangle, however, gave these "gentlemen" a sharp reprimand, bringing to their knowledge the fact that for not having behaved decently to a fellow-traveller whom they did not know, he meant to report them to the war office! This he did, and the poor offenders came in for a fortnight's arrest. These are the sort of adventurers who are to teach us "manners," when the Zouaves and Turcos of the Second Empire have invaded England. This they confidently hope to do before they are much older.

Meanwhile nothing can be more ludicrous than the misrepresentations that are sought to be given of everything English to the youth of this country. The following fact will, I think, prove the truth of this assertion; and if I had not heard what I am about to tell with my own ears, I would not have believed it:—No later than the day before yesterday, I was walking with a French friend of mine and his wife, when the latter called her husband's attention to a young lad of fifteen or sixteen, who had bowed to him, and observed to him that it was "André —," naming the name of the eldest son of the *intendant* of their estate in the provinces. The young man was quickly called back, and entered into conversation with my friends. He was absent on sick leave from the Jesuits' College, where his father had had him educated; and was for the moment staying with an uncle who inhabits the environs of Paris. The lad turned out a very intelligent young fellow, and, as far as information went, I confess I was struck by the amount of what he knew, and was prepared to say that his spiritual teachers had done their work conscientiously and well. All at once the conversation fell upon the events in Rome, and after one or two curious remarks, the following question was put to me by the boy: "Why does the English Government so cruelly persecute the Irish volunteers who try to join the Papal army?" I asked the youth what he called "persecution," and he quietly replied: "Why, to have pronounced the *penalty of death* against these young men, is very much like persecution!!!" I confess that the fit of laughter that seized me at this astounding announcement, was as unseemly as it was irresistible. My French friends, who are familiar with English ways and manners, joined in it, and the youthful *alumnus* stood unmistakably "dazed" at our hilarity. The gentleman I was with was the first to speak, and, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, he asked him seriously whether that "enormity" had been taught him by his professors? His answer was: "It was recounted in the 'Journal du Département' (the *prefectorial* paper) which the fathers allowed us to read, and some of us who asked the masters whether it was true, were told that it certainly was so."

My friend admonished his *intendant's* son against the danger of believing everything that he should read in the official departmental journals; but I feel quite convinced that when we parted from the young seminarist, we left him thoroughly persuaded of the correctness of what he had read and heard from his teachers—"Et voila comme on fait l'histoire!" Do not forget that these Jesuits, who are now at the head of nearly all the classical educational establishments in France, have been placed there wholly and solely by the Emperor's will, and have by his policy alone replaced the enlightened liberal, tolerant, honest Gallican clergy. That the Jesuits are now in no great favour with their master, Louis Napoleon, is of small consequence; they have had time in eight years to mould a generation. The children they took at from eight to thirteen, let us say, are now boys of from sixteen to twenty-one; their opinions are made; they have precisely come to those convictions that are the most rarely modified—the convictions of ardent, narrow-minded youth (for youth is naturally narrow-minded on account of its ardour). What the Emperor required of the Jesuits is in some degree accomplished—they have modelled to his hand a host of young, hard-

headed, priggish sectarians, who execrate England as a matter of duty and faith, and who are in such utter ignorance of her power that they think she would be quite easy to subdue!

The review of the Imperial Guard yesterday was a warlike one. The troops went through all the representation of sudden encampment, bivouacking, &c., and played at what they are to enact seriously next spring. The generals and superior officers shake their heads at all this, and do not like it.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

SOME enthusiastic Anglo-maniacs in France have undertaken the study of Thomas Carlyle; but they find the man of Chelsea as hard to understand as the Rig-Veda. He has such freaks of language, they say, and makes his sentences perform such tricks, that they desiderate a running commentary in plain English—at any rate, a Carlylese dictionary to assist the understanding, to disentangle itself from Anglo-Saxon and Hyper-Teutonic meshes. We happen to know a clever Frenchman, who is a tolerable master of the language of Chaucer and Shakspeare, who can write English undefiled even, but who recently, sitting down to translate the "French Revolution" for the benefit of his countrymen, beat his brains in despair of accomplishing his task satisfactorily. A writer in the "Débats," M. H. Taine, in an article on Carlyle, says that when Englishmen are asked, especially those who have not yet counted forty, who among them are the thinking men, they mention at once Carlyle, and at the same time advise you not to read him, warning you that you will not understand a word of what he says. Thereupon, naturally enough, they hasten to take up the twenty volumes of Carlyle—criticism, history, fancy, pamphlets, philosophy. They read them with strange emotions, repudiating every morning the reflections of the night. One discovers mostly that he is in presence of a strange animal—the *débris* of a strange creature—a sort of mastodon in a world not made for him. People, in stumbling upon Carlyle, are pleased with their zoological good fortune; they describe him minutely, saying to themselves, "We shall never, perhaps, see his like again." All is new in Carlyle, continues his French analyst—the style, the tone, the cut of his phrases. He apprehends everything in the opposite, and good sense takes the form of the absurd. He transports one into a new world, where people are seen, as it were, standing upon their heads, dressed as harlequins, and making such discordant sounds that one is obliged to stop his ears or have the headache. The Frenchmen cannot understand his "transcendental moonshine," and implore enlightenment from a brighter source.

From Carlyle the transition to Frederick the Great is excusable. Not that we have anything particular to say of the latter which was unknown to the former, and yet to those interested in the Prussian monarch we may indicate a work which is not generally known. It may be said of the publisher as of the householder, that he brings forth of his treasures things new and old, and the old is sometimes better than the new. Thus, they are publishing in Paris a series of works with the generic title, "Bibliothèque des Mémoires pendant le 18me Siècle." Among the latest of these published memoirs is the work of Diédonné Thiebault, entitled "Souvenir de vingt ans de séjour à Berlin," with an introduction and notes by M. F. Barrière. In this work there is an amazing amount of sedate and gentlemanly gossip about the great Frederick and his court. We are not sure if the work, in the original, exists in our great national library. Of Thiebault himself we may merely set down that he was born in 1733, was trained among the Jesuits as a teacher, was an excellent Latinist, wrote very commonplace poetry, but better prose, and would have remained possibly unknown to fame but for his "Souvenir." Frederick was founding a military school in Breslau, and Thiebault was recommended

to him by the Abbé d'Olivet and d'Alembert for the chair of grammar. He was accepted, and entered upon his duties in 1765. He became a member of the Berlin Academy, and therein read several papers communicated by his Majesty. After a sojourn of twenty years in Prussia, he returned to France, where he was within an inch of losing his head during "The Terror." The Directory subsequently placed him at the head of its secretariat—a piece of useless generosity, as Thiebault was better fitted for the school than the portfolio. By a singular coincidence, he presided over the central school in the Rue St. Antoine, in the former convent of the Jesuits, and three years afterwards was made *professeur* in the Lycée de Versailles, an office which he held until 1807—the year of his death. He began to write his memoirs three years before, and three editions were published of them—the third, contrary to his wishes, by a self-sufficient friend. A fourth edition was published by his son, the General Baron Thiebault, from which the present edition has been printed. The language is very correct, but the style, to our manner of thinking, wants animation, and the raciness of the memoirs of the earlier part of the last century. But he writes with good faith, and without semblance of exaggeration, which is saying much in his favour. His sketches of Fritz have an honesty about them, and where he has to speak of himself it is not difficult to pronounce upon his origin. His Jesuitical training just prevents his vanity being obtrusive or offensive. It is clear that his position in Berlin enabled him to see and learn much respecting the characters and the events of the epoch which he treats. We submit a fair specimen of his style. When he arrived at Berlin he was introduced to Frederick, who entered into conversation with him on literature and French *littérature*, in the course of which conversation he took occasion to observe, to the consternation of Thiebault, that Rousseau was a madman. On retiring from the king's presence, he had a talk with his friend Le Catt, and says:—"Conversing with M. le Catt, respecting the interview I had with the king, I expressed my surprise at the earnestness with which he had said of J. J. Rousseau, 'Oh, he is a madman!' 'This earnestness,' replied my conductor, 'is connected with a recent anecdote, which I shall relate to you. Some months ago my Lord Marshal, the friend of J. J. Rousseau, appearing much distressed at the persecutions the philosopher of Geneva experiences even in Switzerland and Neuchâtel, of which this nobleman is governor, the king said to him, 'Well, sir, write to your friend, that if he will come to my states, I shall assure him a safe asylum and a pension of two thousand livres. We will give him a comfortable house at Panckow, contiguous to the Gardens of Schonhausen; the house shall have a garden and field attached to it, that he may be able to keep a cow and poultry, and cultivate his own vegetables. There he may live without inquietude and free from necessities; his solitude may be complete, and he may wander at pleasure in the groves of Schonhausen, where the queen inhabits during a few of the summer months.' The Marshal, delighted with this plan, lost not a moment in writing the proposed letter, which, when finished, he brought to the king previous to its departure. The king took up a pen, and added these words, 'Come, my dear Rousseau; I offer you a house, a pension, and liberty.' A short time produced an answer, conceived in the following terms: 'Your Majesty offers me an asylum, and promises me liberty. But you have a sword, and you are a king; you offer a pension to me who never did you a service, but have you bestowed one on each of the brave men who have lost a leg or an arm in your service?' You may easily imagine that ever after, when the name of Rousseau came in the king's way, he did not fail to add to it the epithet you have heard, and with which, at the same time, the negotiation was concluded." In the memoirs, perhaps the most interesting chapter is that devoted to the early life of his employer—Frederick II. The insight he gives us into the character of Frederick I.; his hatred of his son, whom he habitually spoke of as "a mere coxcomb and French wit;" and the determination which he evinced to bring this son, if possible, to the scaffold, leaves us to doubt whether he was a mere pig-headed tyrant or a deplorable maniac.

Mr. Strauss Durckheim has published a work under a great affliction. The work itself—"Théologie de la Nature," with the epigraph—"Je ne sais rien *à priori*, absolument rien"—makes no high literary pretensions; but the author, in prosecuting too intently the microscopic investigations in zoology upon which several of his arguments are founded, has injured his sight beyond the hope of recovery.

There exists a peculiar people seemingly where least in the world one would expect to find them—a settlement of Sectaries in the heart of France. But so it is. M. Alfred Michaels has written, for our edification and entertainment, "Les Anabaptistes des Vosges." He gives the history of the sect and its doctrines, he describes their manner of life in their poetical abodes, and gives us their legends and popular traditions. It has correctly enough been observed, we believe, that the repose these people have enjoyed for three centuries is among the singularities of French history. Neither the fury of the sixteenth century nor the persecutions of the seventeenth, troubled the calm of this branch of the Reformed Church in France. The Convention, and even the first Empire, respected the scruples which forbade them to shed blood.

To-day, we understand, will be published in Paris a work of some interest to the Parisians, and especially to the play-going portion of them, which, after all, means the whole of them. It is to be called, "Paris in 1860. Les Théâtres de Paris de 1816 à 1860. Par M. L. Veron." It will be furnished with engravings and anecdotes.

IRISH GOSSIP.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

ALTHOUGH Ireland and the Irish have been and still are a fertile source of comment to English journalists, the wonder is, that with all their anxiety to explain and elucidate, they still stick so much to the old prescriptive theories—which, like all pet theories, prove too much—and hardly ever condescend to enlighten their readers as to the social state of the country, which would in a great measure account for its political and moral state. Between accusation and defence, it is still by no means easy to determine whether the land of shamrocks is a paradise or a pandemonium, or whether it is safer now to visit than it was when Captain Rock issued his midnight mandates, and "hanging judges" were as much matters of necessity as potatoes or poteen. It is not easy, to be sure, either to gain a familiar insight into the motive powers which actuate the mass, or to draw accurate deductions from uncertain premises; but still the attempt ought to be made, and in this age of excursioning, quick travel, and anxiety to go everywhere and see everything, it is by no means unimportant to tourists and travellers to be tolerably well assured whether the country they are about to visit wears a fierce or a friendly aspect, and whether the insecurity of life and limb is not now as exceptional as the grievances (some real, some purely imaginary,) which were wont to give birth to that "wild justice" with which Mr. O'Connell used to round his periods, and to which the sudden increase of agents and bailiffs was wont to give practical point. The truth is, that like other sublimary matters, Ireland is subject to mutation; and, to her credit be it spoken, as she gets older she improves in common sense. Partly by her own efforts, and still more by the judicious and liberal treatment of her governors, her real grievances are old almanacks, and although an infinitesimal part of her super-patriotic population still growl over them and refuse to be comforted, the vast majority are far better inclined to forget them. Agitation has had its day, and, to a consoling extent, turbulence and atrocious crime are inured in the same grave. It must not be thought, however, that the national temperament has so far degenerated as to free it from its Celtic ingredient of a readiness for a row, or render it impervious to influences which are just as easily

discovered as sought for. But then, the mercy of it is, that the present pugnacity is comparatively a harmless one, and only excites the passions without branding their indulgence with a bloody stain. This unwonted state of things, doubtless, greatly disgusts some of the more mercurial spirits, who consequently seek for outlets for their effervescence in other climes, leaving behind them those of their compatriots who find sufficient vent for their pugnacity in by-battles and party jarrings, which act as agreeable stimulants without any danger of justice being called in as an arbitrator. But it is not to be concealed that these bickerings, bloodless though they be, are laden with results which render charity and the love of our neighbour anything but virtues of common observance. Political principles, a difference in which have been registered causes of enmity since the world began, are in Ireland doubly envenomed by having the gall and wormwood of religious zeal superadded. A common Christianity is anything but a common bond; indeed, it is awfully and sometimes ridiculously otherwise: now where is it so noisy and obtrusive, and in no other region are the combatants who take up weapons in its name so implacable. They speak and look daggers at each other, although they use none. They carry their differences into the most unlooked-for premises, and submit to their influence in the most unheard-of ways. You may know a Protestant grocer by glancing at the list of his customers; and the stall of the Catholic butcher is not often visited by those of an opposite creed. In the reception-room of a Protestant physician you rarely find more than a shallow sprinkling of Catholic patients, while, on the other hand, a respectable Catholic practitioner has been heard to declare that he never handled a dozen Protestant fees during the whole of his career. At the bar you may at once determine the creed of plaintiff and defendant by knowing beforehand that of his attorney and counsel, and in cases where politics and religion mix in the *mêlée*, you can give a shrewd guess at the issue by carefully noting to what form of faith the majority of the jury belong. But this is hardly the worst: the erring spirit creeps in and poisons social life as well. The friends and familiars of a Catholic family are Catholic; those of a Protestant are just as one-sided in their way. There may be liberal exceptions, to be sure, but they are looked upon with a jealous eye. And the higher the rank the greater the divergence; sit down to a dinner-table of twenty guests, where either Protestant or Catholic is the host, and the chances are that not a single individual who does not kneel at the same altar is invited to partake of his fare. Go to a ball afterwards, and ten to one but the same rule obtains. The young lady who is your *vis-a-vis* in a quadrille may at once be known by "the company she keeps," and if you are at all in doubt, you may be pretty certain that you will be enlightened before the evening wanes.

I am perfectly aware that exception will be taken to these statements, and without ceasing to insist on the truth of them, I shall be all the better pleased that there are. There is a chance of our getting rid of a feeling which we may covertly practise although we dare not openly avow. I know that there is a vast deal of ostentatious liberality and simulated cordiality which walks about clothed in the garb of hypocrisy, but which means as anti-Christian a spirit in its heart of hearts as either heathen or Mahomedan could desire to see. Just now this ill-judging spirit is particularly busy, stimulated by an inordinate zeal for the glory of "conversion," which has still further sundered those who were before but little disposed to coalesce. Everybody is doing his best to convert everybody else. In this exciting pursuit the female sex are by no means undistinguished. Unfortunate orphan paupers are hurried into hiding holes, and battled for in courts; Catholic chaplains of poor-houses do battle with their Protestant colleagues, and drag in the whole board of guardians, who not unwillingly buckle on their armour, and become principals in the fight. The earthly wants of the inmates are postponed for the good of their souls; and while they, poor wretches, are brooding over their thin gruel, well-watered milk, and meatless soup, their "guardians" are nursing their wrath in the board-room, and keeping it at boiling-heat by abusing

each other—all for the love of God and the good of their neighbour, of course. In our corporations the same kindly spirit reigns triumphant. A Protestant corporator would blush to be seen in the Catholic division list when anything like a religious tinge can be given to the debate; and the Catholic majority, superbly tolerant, occasionally give way on trifles, but, on more serious occasions, stick to their text and carry matters with a high and fiery hand. I need hardly say that our newspapers range themselves under different banners, and become either over-patriotic or intensely anti-national, according to the colour of their flag. Impartiality would be ruinous, and therefore no one attempts it. It is curious enough, too, to observe the contradictions into which a necessity for sectarian consistency sometimes leads them. Catholic journalists who used to rave and madden over the wrongs of "down-trodden Italy," are anything but satisfied with her now that she is struggling to emancipate herself; and Protestant scribes have taken her and her cause into special favour, not because they care a button about her in reality, but because Garibaldi dislikes priests, Victor Emmanuel has banished Jesuits and absorbed monasteries, and because both are determined to extinguish the Pope, should the inscrutable policy of his questionable Gallic protector permit them to effect the deed. So it is with everything; even literature and its performances come in for their share. Genius is nothing, principle is all. The title of the journal tells you at once to what religion the writer of a book belongs. It may be the best of its kind, but its *taboo* is certain, unless, like Mr. Mudie and his shopmen, the editor is convinced that it contains no snakes in the grass to beslime his favourite dogmas; or it may be the worst, and then the critical conscience is stretched a point or two, and out come laudatory paragraphs which may bring a smile to the author's countenance, but make the purchaser to sigh.

I am all the more willing to trifle with the impulsive but unsocial tendencies of those amongst whom I sojourn, because, in the main, they do no very great harm, and they positively denote the material prosperity and good government of a people who have so little to complain of that they must turn on each other for a little pleasurable excitement, since they have no exterior foe to meet. The cause of religion, which every one affects to have at heart, is anything but served by the miserable combats which are fought in its name, and which, so far from leading to the cultivation of the "cardinal virtues," are much more likely to lead to a commission of the "deadly sins." Still, the Irish are a very pleasant people to live with—free, jovial, jest-loving, and hospitable; and if you will only study the habitudes of your society before you enter it, it must be your own fault if you do not enjoy yourself amazingly. Probably, in a future "Gossip," I shall speak a little more at large of some of its institutions and "celebrities," of which there are some well worth notice, and of whose strong points and weak ones I shall discourse as judiciously and carefully as I can.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

October 27, 1860.

SIR,—Allow me, as one of Mr. Mudie's assistants, to correct a false assertion made by some of your correspondents, and an erroneous hypothesis on the part of "Philo-Mudæus," with reference to what he designates the "fibbing" of the young men in respect of books asked for by subscribers to the library; and unhesitatingly to affirm, that instructions, direct or indirect, to make untrue or evasive statements as to books published or not published, have never emanated from Mr. Mudie or any one in his establishment. In all my transactions with Mr. Mudie—and they have been of a purely business character—I have found him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity and honour; and so far from the young men pleading "minority," or possessing

"plastic" consciences, I believe that many of them would be perfectly willing to tender their resignations rather than distort facts in order to gain the equivocal approbation of any employer.

In conclusion, I would call the attention of your readers to the fact, well known to the trade, that books are frequently advertised as out some days before their actual publication.

Appealing to your sense of justice for the insertion of the above, I am, sir, yours respectfully,

J. AUSTIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—I have read with much satisfaction the letter of "Senex" in your number of Oct. 27, respecting Mr. Mudie's capriciousness in the choice of books. Your correspondent's statement respecting "Wedded and Winnowed" is quite correct. My enterprising publisher, Mr. James Blackwood, has given much attention to, and spent much money in, the publication of this work, and I have reason to believe—inasmuch as I have been asked repeatedly why it was not in Mudie's library—that it has been much sought after by the public. From what I can learn from the publisher, he cannot induce Mr. Mudie to give the book to his readers, in consequence of some objection to the title or the subjects.

To say that the book is perfectly harmless, is to put me in an attitude of defence, which I repudiate; and yet the rejection of the book on such frivolous and absurd grounds, implies some moral defect or glaring unfitness injurious to my literary reputation and future prospects.

That the work is "select" (to use Mr. Mudie's qualification) I leave the public to judge. If the work is not wanted by his patrons, then by all means let him decline to buy it. But what right has he to assert that he "gives the widest possible circulation to any work of general interest," and, at the same time, refuse to supply a work which has been repeatedly and largely demanded by his subscribers?—the very same words that the author of "Miriam May" so justly complains of, "the book was not out," being the reply; and when insisted that it was, told in the coolest manner "that it was common to advertise a book was out long before it appeared!" which may be convenient enough for Mr. Mudie's people to put off subscribers with, but to every candid mind must appear an unjustifiable injury to—

THE AUTHOR OF "WEDDED
AND WINNOWNED."

Oct. 29, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Will you kindly afford me a little space to bring before the notice of your readers the claims of a society which ought to make every Englishman blush to hear of its ever been needful to form such a society. I mean the "Poor Clergy Relief Society." If any one will get "Startling Facts," price 1s., from the Secretary of the above society (345, Strand, W.C.), he will there read that many of the English clergy are compelled, through extreme want, to beg their lay brethren for their cast off clothes (*horribile dictu*) for themselves and their families, and for the smallest sums, enough only to satisfy their present cravings for hunger. These things ought not so to be, every one will surely allow. It is a crying reproach to England that her ministers, the priests and deacons, should, many of them, be without the necessities of life; and I hope that if you have room for this, you will give it insertion, in order that those who have much of this world's goods may be no longer without objects on which they can charitably bestow it, even on those who, preaching the Gospel, should live of the Gospel.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

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